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Choice Poetry.

STRUNG PEARLS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DECKERT.

"The tree, the branch of night throws mist upon a
lattice;
Oh, pay, through branch of night, the moth's dim glass
glimmer clamor.

The earth has no delight a unconquered by suffering;
From the same flower the bee sucks food and poison
too;
For death will lurk always in life's delicious cup;
The mulberry leaf must bear the blame of a worm,
That so it may be raised to wear its silken form.

Oh, how along the ground the ant bears blindly throng,
Yet no more than the shrine of stars can these go among.

The flowers will tell to thee a sweet, mystic story;
How universal earthly dust can wear celestial glory.
Un thousand stems is found the love inscription graven,
Yet in all the world is earth when it can image Heaven.

Wouldst thou first peace to thank thy God for every
pleasure,
Thy mourning over grief's then would'st not find the
treasure.

Oh, hasten! but try it once; 'tis easy good to be,
But to oppose so, such a strain call misery.

Of what each one should be, he must the form and rule,
And till he reach to that, his joy can never be full.
Oh, pray for life! then feel'st that, with these fruits of
thine,
Thou art not ready yet with sons of God to shine.
From the sun's night every may the calm planet rove?
Joy may, too, for man to wander from God's love!
Yet from man's night, man's point to the centre line a trend;
And there's a way to find from farthest error back.

Whose mistakes no new, but spare me on to make
My life as speak benefactor, that no one can mistake.

And though, throughout the world, the good I now have
had,
I still believe in it, for its image in my mind.

Black raiser thou the opens upon the sun's broad light,
Would love my eye and the stars, shrove twinkling through
the night.

The heart that hoves somewhat is not abandoned yet;
The smallest flow serves some trust in God to set.

Because she bore the pearl, that makes the shell fish
dear;
So thankful for the grin' that but enable thee show.

The sweetest fruit grows not when the mow's sap is full,
The spirit is not ripe till sunnier powers grow dull.

Spring shows a spell of odors, colors, sounds;
Autumn, autumn, forms the soul from these enchanted
bounds;
My tree was thick with shade; oh, blast, thine office
done!
And strip the foliage of it lest the Heaven shine
through.
They're wholly blown away, bright blossoms and green
leaves;
They're brought home to the barn, all orderlies, the
sheaves.

Romance of History.

THE SPANISH INFANTA
AND
THE ROYAL PEARLS.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE SPANISH COURT.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, FROM THE FRENCH OF REYBAUD,

BY MRS. M. HARRISON ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

The churches of Madrid rang a full peal for the Feast of Rogations. The crowd buzzed joyously in the streets along which the festival processions were to pass. The air was mild, embalmed with a sweet odor of spring, and light clouds floated in the sky, as a white gauze through which fell feebly the ardent rays of the sun of Spain. There were few persons to be seen on the *Prado*. That promenade, so celebrated by Spanish poets, was then a vast Park, whose winding groves adjoined the Palace of Buen-Retiro; the elm and plane tree shaded its verdant slopes and parterres resembling baskets of flowers, and the wind rustled, ever fresh and perfumed, beneath their broad leaves, the mute witnesses of so many rendezvous of love. The Grand Alley served as an avenue to Buen Retiro. This royal residence had not a sumptuous appearance; its irregular compartments overlooked the *Prado*, and high walls, above which projected the massy summits of horse-chestnut trees, environed the gardens. The magnificence of Charles V., and the austere observance of Philip II., still reigned within the whole domain of the forest. A minute, gloomy etiquette presided over the lives of those who inhabited it, dictated all their actions, regulated their occupations and pleasures, and imposed on all around them their preferences and friendships. When ill, etiquette selected the physician and confessor who should approach their bedside; after having attended them at baptism, and governed their whole existence, she ordained their funeral obsequies, and conducted them even to the sepulchre which she had previously assigned. The primary subjects of this despotic power were the King and Queen of Spain. Beyond doubt, a convent life was not more melancholy and monotonous than was this one of unvarying splendor and fatiguing representation; and beyond doubt, the dragged robe and black veil of the Carmelite imposed not more restraint nor austerities of duty than did this rigorous crown, enriched with diamonds and pearls from the two Indies.

A few women, covered with black mantles and accompanied by an esquire, a kind of valet out of livery, and several cavaliers, dispersed in their flowing cloaks, slowly paced the alleys by which the procession was to pass. According to ancient usage, the Bishop of Madrid, and Royal Chapter of San-Isidro, came on Rogation Day to bless the fruits of the earth, in the gardens of Buen-Retiro. The privileges of delivering the clergy, with uncovered head and taper in the hand, was earnestly sought and difficult to obtain; ordinarily the gates of this royal abode opened only to the grandees of Spain, officially summoned.

When the hour of mass sounded from the great clock of the palace, the procession appeared at the entrance of the avenue; instantly the gates were thrown open, the Walloon Guard took arms, and the chapel-bells rang out a double chime. Catholicism, which, in Spain, so pompously celebrates its fêtes, displays a magnificent simplicity in that of Rogations; no clergy nor palms sewn with silver knots, no glittering altars borne by robust Levites, no rich banners nor armorial panels; incense and flowers are the only offerings. In front, march, in flowing white surplices, the priests and chanters; then the canons of San Isidro, clad in ample robes of crimson taffeta, and on their heads caps of green, next to these, the Bishop of Madrid, wearing a chasuble of India satin, falling over his lace alb, a mitre of cloth of silver; five white pearls fastened his pectoral cross; his crozier was enamelled with white and silver, and his pastoral ring contained but one limpid diamond mounted on a golden foundation. Several cavaliers, attired in black, march at the side, and bearing tapers, were in the suite of the prelate. The voices of the chanters, and grave sonata of the bassoon reverberated more solemnly beneath these vast shades, and it might have been deemed one of those festivals which the primitive church celebrated in the fields, when the temples of the gods of antiquity were still standing. Groups of pedestrians had gathered before the palace, whose massive grating was about to be unbarred. At the extremity of the first vestibule might be distinguished the Court of Honor; then, beyond, another vestibule, whose doors admitted to the private gardens.

A cavalier, who had preceded the procession a few steps, since it entered the Prado, now placed himself in advance of the curious, whose eyes were turned towards the interior of Buen-Retiro. He was a man of about thirty years, of lofty stature and noble mien. His mantle, bordered with a light gold lace, half-concealed a pourpoint of black satin, on the left side of which was embroidered the red cross of Calatrava; a broad-brimmed hat, adorned with a scarlet of amaranthe, shaded his stern and regular features. Though wearing on his breast the insignia of the four religious and military orders of the kingdom of Spain, it was easy to recognize, from his fair complexion and blond hair, that this cavalier was not a Spaniard, and that he was descended from a northern race whose blood had never mingled with the Arab.

He lifted his eyes a moment toward the palace windows, then advanced still further, and stood at the entrance of the vestibule, whose door was guarded by sentinels armed with glittering halberds.

The procession arrived and passed slowly between the two hedges of spectators, kneeling to receive the Bishop's pastoral benediction. The cavalier had also prostrated himself, and rises at the moment the gentlemen that had obtained the favor of following the prelate had entered; a sort of instinctive contrivance impelled him forward; he went onward without being certain of attaining his purpose, or what he should reply if his passage should be arrested. With brow uncovered, and fierce, impenetrable countenance, he passed the threshold. Instantly the halberds of the two sentinels fell back and crossed behind him; he had entered; such temerity might cost the life of others.

CHAPTER II.

An hour later, the drums beat a salute, a hundred of the regiment of Chamberga were under arms. The Queen-Regent, Maria Anna of Austria, issued from Buen-Retiro, to complete a novitiate at the convent of Notre Dame of Atocha. Etiquette had regulated what should be the Queen's vestment on this day, the route she should take, what ladies must accompany her, and how many carriages were to follow hers. This sovereign, whose sceptre touched the four corners of the globe, had not even power to command the presence of a companion of her own choice on the journey.

When the royal cortege had disappeared at the end of the avenue, all seemed asleep within the palace. From time to time, a light clamor arose from the Walloon guard room, and alone broke the silence of the vast apartments, where a few issues in waning present in shadows. Without, birds sang beneath the sombre walks of the Prado, at whose foot the noise and commotion of the great city of Madrid seemed to become mute. A still deeper silence and a profounder solitude reigned in the gardens of the palace; the rich parterres, irregular groves, immense elm hedges, were embalmed with the sweet perfumes of May; a warm breeze wantoned idly under the broad foliage of the chestnuts, and scattered over the grass white blossoms of the Acacia. Beyond the grand parterre, under a bower of passion-flowers and Gneldre-roses, women's voices rose softly, varied now and then by an infantine complaint, and some monotonous refrain. Sheltered by this massive foliage, sown with countless flowers, a group of ladies were seated on cushions placed upon the earth; they formed a circle, in whose centre a child of four or five years essayed to stand erect, while a younger one of the fair company retained, unreleased, the leading-strings of silk attached to him.

The poor little creature had a sad and puny aspect; his complexion of livid white, and pallid, half-open mouth, witnessed continual suffering; his attenuated frame seemed lost in the immense folds of a frock of blue satin, and his brow disappeared beneath a cap trimmed with Flanders lace.

A little apart, and hidden by the luxuriant branches of an oleander, a young girl stood reading, her age fifteen or sixteen, her fragile form still youthful, but her features and expression of physiognomy indicated one of those precocious organizations which have no adolescence. Her hair of light blonde was gathered underneath a calotte of black velvet, a robe of violet damask, with close sleeves, fell over a skirt of white lustring, and she wore no jewels save two magnificent pearls in her ears. The child was Charles II., King of Spain—the young girl his sister, the Infanta, Donna Margarita, of Austria, betrothed to the Emperor Leopold.

"Donna Seraphina," said one of the ladies, to another holding the leading-strings of King Charles II., "remove a little in this direction; his Majesty appears inconvenienced by the sun."

"Holy Virgin! speak not in tones so loud, Donna Catalina, or the most learned doctor, Don Antonio de la Muleta, will oblige us immediately to return within."

"Nay, there is little fear of that," replied one of the attendants of the Infanta, opening a small parasol, so ingeniously constructed, that when folded it resembled a bird, "the grave Galen varies not his prescriptions, and the one issued this morning orders a promenade of two hours after his Majesty's breakfast."

"The breakfast itself was a prescription of his; Heaven aid us! the apothecary, Maître Bartholome Sanguijuela, will ere long become the King's steward. Gently, Donna Seraphina, if you thus relax the silken guards, his Majesty will fall."

The attendant wound the silk cord around her arm, and kneeling before the King, who had commenced crying and resisting, she said to him:

"Your Majesty has not strength to walk unassisted; remember the fall of a few days since; should a similar misfortune occur, madame the governante would not hesitate to have me incarcerated in the Tower of Segovia; moreover, it is important that your Majesty be not fatigued, as to-morrow the ambassadors have an audience, when it is necessary your Majesty should receive them standing."

The King screamed so loudly as to cut short the speech of the attendant; they endeavored to appease him; the sub-governante, nurse, all the ladies in service pressed around him, while the physician, never very far, hastened forward.

"It is nothing," said he, gravely feeling the King's pulse, whose visage, momentarily animated, had again become wan and stupid; "it is nothing; give his Majesty a promenade of three-quarters of an hour in the Grand Alley."

The ladies arose; the sub-governante raised the King in her arms, while several footmen, who had remained in the distance, advanced to transport the carpet and cushions. The nurse and cradle-rocker unfolded a kind of scapy under which walked the sub-governante, attended by the physician, both of whom could with difficulty restrain the poor little Kinglet, who, averse to this promenade, wept with loud cries, insisting absolutely on walking alone.

The lady in attendance on the Infanta hastened to her, saying:

"Madame, your Royal Highness will graciously proceed to the Grand Alley; such is the supreme decree of the celebrated doctor Don Antonio de la Muleta, very distinctly pronounced, not in Latin, but in tolerable Spanish. Ah, the miserable Catalonian!"

"The Angelus is about to sound, madame, and it is the usage on Rogation-Day, that the infantes of Spain repair to the chapel to say the Ave Maria."

CHAPTER III.

Immediately after the Angelus, the Infanta was conducted to her chamber. This vast and sumptuous room rather resembled a chapel than the mysterious asylum where a young maiden indulged her sleeping visions. The cloth d'oeuvre of Velasquez and Murillo covered the panels framed in gilt, numerous candelabra projected their arms loaded with candles, between the wainscoting, and on every side seemed to issue austere figures of martyrs and saints, whose eyes watched over this sanctuary. A canopy of red velvet, decorated with long, white plumes, and bordered with the arms of Castile, surmounted the bed, placed upon a platform, in front of it, was an arm chair and Prie-Dieu. The bulletin, covered with cloth fringed with gold, and profusely docked with artificial flowers, was not a little similar to an altar. Nowhere else, around the chamber, were seen other seats than cushions, etiquette decreeing that no one in the Infanta's presence, should sit but on the floor. Thick curtains, before which were double Venetians, excluded the light, permitting not a ray of the sun to penetrate that apartment, which was sombre and chilly as an old church.

The Infanta placed herself in bed for a siesta, while Rizza standing beside the pillow, gently waved a large feather-fan, and several ladies talked or slumbered at the other extremity of the chamber. A small lap-dog lay upon the footstool of the Prie-Dieu. From time to time he would shake his long, silky, white mantle and utter a low growl, the Infanta imposed silence on him with a stroke of the fan, and looked towards the Maids of Honor, raising a finger to her mouth. They readily believed the Princess asleep, but she was softly weeping, with hands clasped, and face turned to an ivory crucifix suspended in view. Suddenly she turned, and drawing her companion toward her, made her sit upon the bed beside her, so that they were both concealed under the vast folds of velvet, and their voices could murmur without echo between the satin pillows. Then the Infanta whispered,

"I do not wish to go to Germany, Rizza, it is repugnant to me."

The Maniac opened her large eyes, and addred her head with a disturbed, affrighted air, ill-suited to her smiling countenance.

"Alas!" continued the Princess, responding to this mute inquiry, "I have a secret from you, my Rizza. How often, when you have asked the cause of my sadness, has the recital risen to my lips of what passed during that journey from the Escurial, where you did not accompany me. Oh, if you knew—the ladies are not listening, Rizza!"

The Duchess cast a glance into the chamber, and made a negative gesture, then leaned over the Princess, and their cheeks touched. She awaited with artless anxiety some important confidence, but, at first heard only, amid stifled sobs, these strange words.

"I will not go to Germany;—I will enter the monastery of Los Huelgos! Other Infantas of Spain have died there—their blessed spirits will pray for me."

The young Duchess of Sandoval had one of those tender hearts which easily compassionate the griefs of others. She began to weep also, and taking the hands of the Infanta, said,

"Holy Virgin, what means this! your highness will render yourself ill with such painful emotions." Then associating in her mind the event of the morning, and that explosion of tears and singular resolve, she added, not presuming to venture the least question, "your highness was alarmed by the appearance of that cavalier."

The Infanta rose up, clasped her hands in anguish, and said, in a broken voice,

"He is there now! What is to be done—oh, Heaven, what can be done? Rizza, his life is in peril, he must be saved—but how?"

"Alas, I know not," replied the Duchess, thoroughly disconcerted. "There are sentinels at each gate, and as to scaling the walls, unless his guardian angel gives him wings—"

"Yes think it impossible! But, Rizza, men have been rescued from a narrower prison. The most vigilant sentinel has been deceived. Prisoners of state have contrived to escape from the Tower of Segovia."

"The entrance to the palace is more strictly guarded than the door of a prison," artlessly observed the Menine. "In the books which I have read, there have been many examples of cavaliers who have escaped from captivity, but they were not enclosed within gardens, shut in with lofty walls. They had cords and ladders of silk, thrown over balconies."

"Rizza," interrupted the Infanta, "with large bribes of gold, it would be easy to gain some valet—Blomberg, exchanging attire with him, could pass without being remarked."

"Blomberg," repeated the Duchess, as if seeking in her memory some Spanish relation to this strange name; but neither remotely nor directly, could she connect him with her grandees.

"Is there no one in whom we may confide?" continued the Princess. "Know you not an individual, Rizza?"

"Perico, perchance. He is a tall negro, who serves in your highness's apartments. This morning he bore Madame la Governante's cushion. I have once spoken to him."

"Well, he must be gained. Give him a hundred, nay, two hundred doubloons, and make him swear by his baptism, to preserve the secret, even in confession. He must search for Blomberg, and attire him in his laced casaock and looped hat, this evening, this very evening."

"He would not apply to a German valet?" said the Duchess, earnestly, "the cavalier is German."

"No, no," interposed the Princess hastily, "they are all the creature of Father Nitardo, and Heaven forbid this being known to him! Blomberg is his relative—his near relative."

"Ah, what, then, has your highness to fear?" said the Menine, utterly perplexed.

"Ah, Rizza, Father Nitardo is an ambitious man."

"He is devoted to the interests of the Emperor, and passionately desires the marriage of your Highness."

"Alas, my poor Rizza," replied the Princess, sadly, "less than you imagine, and upon a suspicion of what has occurred, he would sacrifice Blomberg to justify himself. You are too simple and candid to see the bottom of these great political intrigues, to the success of which an ambitious man sacrifices everything, all, even ties of blood, and his dearest affections. Oh, what misfortunes I see approaching me! But let Blomberg be saved, and I have but one wish, Rizza—to remain in Spain."

"The King is so feeble and suffering," said the Duchess, with a sigh, which did not betray her regret.

"Queen! Queen of Spain!" exclaimed the Infanta, with a kindling glance. "My brother, my poor brother, God grant him long to live! But should he die!—Rizza, my sister of France already covets his heritage. Nay, on my soul, I would imitate Queen Isabella, and maintain my rights at the head of my army, for never should the crown of Spain adorn a French brow."

"Heaven and the will of the late King will preserve us from such a fate," said the Duchess, gravely.

"If I were Queen, Rizza, I would not forget those who have served me faithfully, and loved me," interrupted the Infanta, with emotion. "The heart of sovereigns should have a good memory to be faithful to friends and enemies."

At that moment, a noise of footsteps and voices of persons in the gardens, was heard under the windows.

The Infanta turned pale, and grasped Rizza's arm, while both listened a moment, until the sound passed.

"What means this?" said the Duchess, cautiously putting her head outside the curtains, "these voices had nearly awakened your highness."

"It is the Infant, Don Juan, of Austria, on his way to the Queen's apartments," replied one of the ladies, in low tones.

"How! through the gardens?"

"He should, according to usage, enter by the grand gallery, but a contact has arisen, on the subject of precedence, and to avoid a breach of ceremonial order, the Prince reaches the palace through the gardens."

The Duchess resumed her place under the curtains, and smiled with an encouraging air.

"What punishment will be inflict if he meet Blomberg?" murmured the Infanta. "Rizza, we must decide. What plan shall we follow?"

She replied, rising,

"I will glide into the vestibule, and there devise a pretext of speaking to Perico, and offer him a large bribe."

"Whatever he demands, Rizza. Reward him liberally for his discretion, that I may rely upon it."

"Yes, madame, with gold enough, I will make him sure, body and soul. Time presses, and he must be sought forthwith."

She passed, suddenly, plunged her hands into the capacious pockets of her skirt, shook them, with a countenance expressing consternation, and said, after a moment's silence,

"But I have not a maravedi! nor your highness!"

The Princess rose quickly, and exclaimed,

"What say you? Where is my charity-purse, and the money for the purchase of my vestments, my jewels, coffer?"

"The Queen rose—her face, ordinarily so pallid, was flushed with excitement, and she said in brief accents,

"I will consider of it. The Council shall, ere long, learn my decision, and you, she, Senor Grand Prior of Malta. The audience is ended."

"Whatever be the will of your Majesty, you will find me ever submissive thereto. I speak as organ of the Council, and supplicate you to believe that no personal enmity influences me against Father Nitardo. I complain of nothing but of his elevation, and his intrigues to thwart an alliance which all Spain desires. His efforts to break the marriage of the Infanta are known to me."

"It is an unworthy calumny," interrupted the Queen; "every day, does Father Nitardo press me to fulfil my promises to the Emperor."

"Then, wherefore surround her with those who converse only of the ill health of the King? Why has he given her, as Professor of German, his relative, a certain Blomberg, who has presumed to entertain her highness with the rights derived by her from the will of the late King, to the prejudice of her elder sister?"

At this moment, there was a slight noise in the gallery, and Don Juan, raising his eyes, saw the Infanta ten paces from him; she advanced and knelt at the feet of the Queen, who hastened to raise her.

"Madame," said she, kissing the Regent's hands, "so far as depends upon me, there shall be naught to give you displeasure."

Then, turning to Don Juan, she measured him with a look that seemed to defy him.

He added without trace of being moved thereby,

"None of these intrigues will affect her highness; she well knows that it is not in Spain she must expect a crown; the King—the Saints guard his life—will long reign over us."

Scarce had Don Juan finished these words, when a gentleman of the Chamber, ran, pale and trembling, and addressed himself to the Chamberlain, who immediately entered the Queen's presence. The King had been seized with convulsions in the arms of his Governante, the Marchioness de los Veles.

At this news, the Infanta and Don Juan regarded each other; each had become pale. The Queen exclaimed,

"Ah! is this the final cross? Thou protest me, oh, my God, but Thy will be done."

She fell back, overwhelmed, in her chair. Don Juan bent before the Infanta, and said, in an agitated voice,

"God protects Spain, and will preserve her King. If it be His will to remove him, the nobility and Council of Castile will evince to your highness their devotion to the national weal."

"The nobility—yes, they are loyal and faithful," interrupted the Infanta, "but the Council! Its pretensions are injurious to the Royal Majesty, and you have been somewhat bold in assuming the office of interpreter. No reply, Don Juan! remember before whom you speak, and think that the moment is probably come, when you must obey me."

The blood of Philip II. was revealed in the attitude and menace of this young girl; her calm, haughty brow, her stern and flashing eyes, recalled the expression of her great-grandsire. Don Juan lowered his before her. But this emotion of fear subsided with the sudden flush that had mounted to his forehead.

"Imprudent," thought he, "then has menanced me too far." And proudly admiring her, he departed, to repair to the apartments of the King.

At midnight, no one slept in the palace; the King was pronounced dying. This fatal intelligence had not yet transpired—but those attached to the Court were disquieted in prospect of an event which would trouble the peace of entire Europe, and change the order of succession in Spain.

The Infanta watched within her chamber. They could not prevail upon her to retire to bed; each quarter of an hour she sent to inquire respecting the King.

Seated before her Prie-Dieu, her hands clasped over a book of prayers, she rested her head on the shoulder of her Menine, kneeling beside her; while at a little distance were two ladies, conversing in whispered tones. A profusion of candles lighted the chamber, like a chapel for a funeral service, and their flickering rays seemed to give life to the pale figures of the Saints rising between the wainscoting.

Through the half-open windows came the fragrance of the gardens; profound stillness reigned without; and for a long time, the attentive ear of the Duchess de Sandoval heard nothing save the sound of the wind and distant murmur of the fountains.

Suddenly, the dog, slumbering at the feet of the Infanta, bristled his long hair, and rushed to the balcony, barking furiously. At the same instant, there seemed a man's hat to pass before the infatuated vesselons, like an apparition.

"What is this! Who goes there?" cried one of the ladies, in alarm.

"There is positively no person there," said the Duchess, going to the balcony.

A frightful pallor instantly covered the features of the Princess.

"What folly, Donna Seraphina, to indulge such visions!" said she, in trembling accents, "with what terror you inspired me."

"Let your Majesty beware," said he, "lest you lose your authority, in persisting to maintain foreigners in the State Government. The Emperor, Charles VIII, of glorious memory, committed but this one fatal error, and it cost him years of civil war. We wish only Spaniards in Spain. Let the good Father return to Germany, and his departure will pacify this Court, where he has only enemies."

"Enemies," interrupted the Queen, "oh woe, but one has avowed himself, and that is you."

"I vouch for all of them to your Majesty, without fear of denial; Castrillo, Loyola, Pomenada, Oropesa, every grandee of the Council desires the exile of Father Nitardo; they exact it."

"Exact," repeated the Queen, scarcely dissembling her anger and inquietude beneath a frigid hauteur; "they exact it! And is it to me, the Queen Regent, that they dare speak thus? The Council of Castile exceeds its prerogatives, verges on insolence and rebellion!"

"Heaven forbid, madame! such is the respect for your Majesty's decision, that in event of persistence, the Lords of the Council will relinquish their charges and leave Father Nitardo alone at the head of the Government.

This menace alarmed the Queen; she had already a presentiment of it in the fierce attitude of the Council towards her Confessor. Deep displeasure animated her passive countenance; she crushed the paper in her hand, and said, after a short silence,

"They explain their designs through your voice, requiring me to choose between my Confessor and the Council of Castile. I will, in turn, ascertain my intention, and say, that if forced to banish the man of my confidence whose advice has sustained me in the bitter trials of my grandeur, I shall abdicate my title of Regent, and retire to Germany."

"Your Majesty has not properly reflected on such a project," replied Don Juan, a little confounded by this threat. "you forget that widowed Queens never quit Spain; if a sojourn at Court or the cares of State seem to them too oppressive, a retreat is open, the Convent of Las Descalzas Reales was founded to receive them."

The Queen rose—her face, ordinarily so pallid, was flushed with excitement, and she said in brief accents,

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She fell back, overwhelmed, in her chair. Don Juan bent before the Infanta, and said, in an agitated voice,

"God protects Spain, and will preserve her King. If it be His will to remove him, the nobility and Council of Castile will evince to your highness their devotion to the national weal."

"The nobility—yes, they are loyal and faithful," interrupted the Infanta, "but the Council! Its pretensions are injurious to the Royal Majesty, and you have been somewhat bold in assuming the office of interpreter. No reply, Don Juan! remember before whom you speak, and think that the moment is probably come, when you must obey me."

The blood of Philip II. was revealed in the attitude and menace of this young girl; her calm, haughty brow, her stern and flashing eyes, recalled the expression of her great-grandsire. Don Juan lowered his before her. But this emotion of fear subsided with the sudden flush that had mounted to his forehead.

"Imprudent," thought he, "then has menanced me too far." And proudly admiring her, he departed, to repair to the apartments of the King.

At midnight, no one slept in the palace; the King was pronounced dying. This fatal intelligence had not yet transpired—but those attached to the Court were disquieted in prospect of an event which would trouble the peace of entire Europe, and change the order of succession in Spain.

The Infanta watched within her chamber. They could not prevail upon her to retire to bed; each quarter of an hour she sent to inquire respecting the King.

Seated before her Prie-Dieu, her hands clasped over a book of prayers, she rested her head on the shoulder of her Menine, kneeling beside her; while at a little distance were two ladies, conversing in whispered tones. A profusion of candles lighted the chamber, like a chapel for a funeral service, and their flickering rays seemed to give life to the pale figures of the Saints rising between the wainscoting.

Through the half-open windows came the fragrance of the gardens; profound stillness reigned without; and for a long time, the attentive ear of the Duchess de Sandoval heard nothing save the sound of the wind and distant murmur of the fountains.

Suddenly, the dog, slumbering at the feet of the Infanta, bristled his long hair, and rushed to the balcony, barking furiously. At the same instant, there seemed a man's hat to pass before the infatuated vesselons, like an apparition.

"What is this! Who goes there?" cried one of the ladies, in alarm.

"There is positively no person there," said the Duchess, going to the balcony.

A frightful pallor instantly covered the features of the Princess.

"What folly, Donna Seraphina, to indulge such visions!" said she, in trembling accents, "with what terror you inspired me."

"Enough! am I a child in leading-strings, to be thus directed in the most puerile matters? Is it not even permitted me to choose between two ornaments! Silence, Madame la Governante, I forbid any further mention of this."

Rizza hastened to bear her the opals; the Infanta herself fastened them on, and said, pressing the Duchess's arm,

"I dispense with your attendance in this visit to the Queen. Go, and await me in the grand saloon."

The doors unfolded; the Infanta went forward with her suite, while Rizza glided behind the negro, carrying the lap-dog of the Princess, and said to him, rapidly,

"In an hour, in the grand saloon—I have orders to give thee something—thee alone."

The Infanta slowly traversed the immense gallery which separated her apartments from those of the Queen. There was in her countenance something of high resolution and profound sadness, which struck the spectators. On reaching the Queen's cabinet, she commanded the valet to leave her, and remained alone before the chamberlain, who stood against the half open door. From this place could be seen and heard what was passing within.

The Queen was seated at a table, her hand abstractedly resting a pile of letters and papers, her sombre, contracted features were framed, as it were, in the ample lappets of her black head-dress, for she was habituated in the rigorous mourning imposed for life on widows of the Kings of Spain.

Don Juan, of Austria, the legitimatized bastard of Philip IVth and Calderona, was standing beside her. He was the man whom, of all others, she most hated and dreaded; he had wounded her in her pride and affections; the will of the late King had, despite her wishes, given him a place at the Council, and he had boldly declared against Father Nitardo.

Don Juan represented a powerful party, determined on abasing the foreign influence, and humbling the Queen's confessor; his popularity was great; the *Madrilenes* loved him for his goodly mien, for he had not the diminutive stature and emaciated visage of the last Princes of the House of Austria; that degenerated blood had revived in him, and he was brown and handsome, like his mother. The Queen could not but compare him with the offspring of her union with the late King, and feel astonished that the noblest stock had produced such pale scions.

Don Juan had long solicited this audience, dreaded by the Regent; she first words of which were polite and formal, but there were involved interests too pressing, too nearly animated, pretensions too tenacious to permit the interview to pass in vague remarks. Don Juan promptly introduced the question, by demanding the dismissal of Father Nitardo, in the name of the Council, grandees and people.

"Let your highness dismiss all fear," observed another lady, smiling; "if there be a phantom there, Don Juan will exercise it; he will him on his way from the King's apartments."

Then, the glare of flambeaux and noise of footsteps reached the Infanta, who had risen, and after the lapse of ten minutes, she heard the echo of a distant complaint. Rizza quitted the balcony, much agitated.

"Holy Mary," said she, "it is cold here; there will be rain, the night is so dark that one cannot see two paces forward."

"Close the windows, Rizza," said the Princess, falling on her knees before the Prie-Dieu.

CHAPTER IV.

Charles II. was for many days suspended between life and death, and when a painful convalescence succeeded this suffering, it appeared to all that this feeble infant, the pale offspring of the late King's old age, could never attain to manhood. Conflicting ambition was therefore ever on the alert as to the succession; the French party, whose chief was Don Juan of Austria, turned their eyes towards the Queen of Louis XIV., and wished to marry the Infanta in Germany, in order that as the spouse of a foreign monarch, she might become estranged from the Spaniards; while the German party coveted a different end by the same path, to give the Infanta and crown of Spain to the Emperor Leopold. Amid this contest of interested passions, Father Nitardo, ostensibly devoted to the German party, secretly manoeuvred to rupture the alliance. The will of the Queen, and opinion of the Council publicitly canvassed, had forcibly compelled his adhesion, but he relied upon the resistance of the Infanta. And from the time that the danger of her brother had shown her the throne so near to her accession, she had in effect improved the Queen to break off the negotiation of the marriage. The whole Court had remarked the fierce hostilities which, if not improve, but his position became very difficult when the danger subsided; the two parties united against him, accused him of the Infanta's resistance, and only awaited a pretext to hurl him from the height of favor he possessed. The scrutiny were unanimous in their hatred, and the Queen slept against him against the combination.

Meantime, the Infanta lived a prey to languid dejection, neither the grave interests nor smothered conflict waging around her could draw her from this depression; she allowed herself to be conducted to the nuptial ceremonies, the solemnities of which, the unbroken duties that etiquette imposed, with an indifferent docility Hitherto unknown—speaking voluntarily to Rizza alone, and passing many hours of the day in prayer. The Duchess had suddenly lost her thoughtless gaiety, and were, in the Queen's circle, the most grave and sad. That of Madame la Gouvernante; while listening with unquiet attention to all the news circulating around, often her troubled look would interrupt the more restrained physiognomy of the Infanta, and seem to gather confidence from beholding her so proudly tranquil. There was in truth, between these two young persons, the burden of a terrible secret, and the anxieties of an incertitude which nothing could enlighten. Since that fatal night succeeding Rogation-Day, the negro Perico had disappeared, and who could tell how he had accomplished the orders given him?

Don Juan of Austria, had not returned to his Priory of Consuegra, the King's illness serving as a pretext to remain at Court, and he ranged himself in haughty opposition to Father Nitardo. The Queen arranged this by treating him publicly with cold hauteur, and occasionally attacking him with bitter sarcasm. Don Juan opposed a passive determination to these feminine assaults, assiduous to attend the royal levees, and seemingly not conscious that she only tolerated him there with a sentiment of timorous anger.

At an evening audience, the Queen was with a large retinue in the grand gallery. This magnificent apartment, used for the receptions of Ambassadors, looked upon the gardens. The ceiling painted in ultramarine, and grooved with arabesques of gold, was supported by a cornice from which fell broad folds of damask hangings. There was not seen here, the pell-mell of sacred and profane subjects which the great masters of the Spanish school cast upon the walls of Buen-Retiro. A long row of portraits alone reigned upon the gilt wainscoting, those of the Kings and Princes of the monarchy. Don Pelayo, the brave mountaineer, commenced that noble series, which ended with Philip IV. The genius of Velasquez had admirably rendered the melancholy visage of the late King; he seemed to issue from his frame and still preside at the festive ceremonies of that Court over which he had so long reigned.

The Infanta was seated at the right hand of her mother, the circle of ladies stood at a distance, and nearer, Don Juan and the Father Confessor alternately conversed with the Queen. There was in the silence they maintained with each other, a singular expression of hauteur and ill-will. Don Juan, with his majestic stature and court costume, on the mantle of which was embroidered the Cross of Malta, seemed to tower above the meagre and ordinary figure of Father Nitardo. Sometimes his eyes would turn with marked attention upon the Duchess de Sandoval, seated behind the Infanta. At first, the young girl blushed beneath his gaze, then proudly sustained it. Internally, she dreed Don Juan, she knew him the enemy of all whom her sovereign loved, but what had she to fear from that hatred which might intimidate a favorite parvent like Father Nitardo, she, the Marchioness of Denia, Duchess of Sandoval, of the Grandeos of Spain! Her position was not of such as the favor of Princes make or subvert.

Don Juan seized the moment when the Queen was in converse with the Confessor and the Archbishop of Toledo to approach the Infanta. He passed behind her seat, and appeared to wait an occasion of addressing her, but she obstinately averted her look, and changed not her motionless attitude, but to say a few words to her attendant. Then Don Juan turned to the Count de Castrillo and said, in a mysterious tone,

"Heaven knows what news the good Father Confessor at this moment communicates to the Queen; Monsignor of Toledo wears a triumphant air. I know a circumstance, not less curious to detail, if I would recount it."

"The tidings from Portugal?" said the Count, shrewdly, "that is old since morning. Two spies, arrested in a hotelerie of Puerta del Sol, where they had slighted in women's attire. Your highness sees that I am informed."

"Not so," interrupted Don Juan, "this concerns an adventure, not trailed in the cabinet of the Alcade de Corte. I will recount it to you in confidence, Castrillo, and observe, I am not the hero of it."

"Your highness is then the confidant."

"Neither one nor the other. Yesterday, passing through the lower alleys of the Prado with Don Jose de Malindez, and some other gentlemen, I saw before me a man slowly advancing. His mantle thrown over his shoulder, enveloped him in the mode of students of Salamanca, who wear neither shoulder-knot nor doublet, the edges of his low hat touched his collar, a large black band bound his forehead, producing no contrast to the ebony cheek. I immediately recognized him, though having only seen him at night, by the light of flambeaux, for my sword had left a mark on his brow which enabled me to certify him."

At these words, the Duchess, having listened with vague terror, imperceptibly pressed the arm of the Princess.

"Your highness had remarked this cavalier in the campaigns of Italy or Portugal?" said Castrillo.

"No, it was not on the battle-field that I encountered him, but at night in a garden beside a she

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

[illegible]

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$2, if not paid in advance. For $5, 3 copies, one copy to send three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city to one address, and in the country to one Post-Office:

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Persons residing in *British North America* could clubtogether and be entitled to the Clubbing rates, if they will take the trouble of forwarding the money to the United States.

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The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

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The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have been ordered.

A Few Announcements.—Our subscribers will doubtless feel that we are here no soliciting agents, out of the State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town to which they live. All letters must be post-paid.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed from, as well as the Post-Office they wish it transfer'd to.

We trust that each of our old friends the Post-Masters, who have not had time hitherto to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will draw our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

PROSPECTUS.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that it is now in its twenty-fourth year, and has between 20,000 and 30,000 subscribers.

The contributors to the Post are among the best writers in the Union. We shall shortly commence the publication of

THE ORIGINAL SERIES, BY GRACE GREENWOOD;

which we design following by

TYTIA, A SEQUEL TO LOTTA'S RETREAT, by Mrs. Southworth, the author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," &c., &c., &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of ROMANCES, ORIGINAL SKETCHES and LETTERS, PICTURES OF LIFE in our own and foreign lands, CURIOUS SELECTIONS from all sources, ANECDOTES, ANSWERS, CURRENT NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, VIEW OF THE PRODUCE and GENERAL MARKETS, RARE NOTE LIST, EXPOSITIONS, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

TO PENNSYLVANIANS.

A telegraphic despatch from Bedford, where the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania was recently in session, says:—

The application of Passmore Williamson for a writ of habeas corpus, came up to-day (the 16th) before the Supreme Court, and was argued by Mr. Chauncey Black, Gilpin and Mr. Hendricks. Their speeches occupied the Court for three hours, and were most able arguments. All the Judges were present, and some time was spent in consultation. The Court, finally, without coming to a decision with reference to the application, adjourned to meet at Pittsburgh on the first Monday in October next.

While it does not necessarily follow from the above announcement, that the decision itself should be put off to the first Monday in October, it would be well for the opponents of judicial tyranny, and the "one man power," to act as if such were the case. The prolonment in question, is generally accounted for in one of the following manners:—

1. That the Judges of the Supreme Court do not wish either to grant or refuse the habeas corpus—having on the one hand a political or social prejudice against sympathy with the Judge, and on the other, a wholesome fear of the people of Pennsylvania. And hope that, by putting off the decision, something possibly may "turn up" to render any decision unnecessary.

2. That they intend to give a decision against the application, but wish to put the subject out of the way for a time if possible, so that it cannot be made to interfere with the October election.

Such are the general impressions—and such impressions serve to show the amount of faith placed in the ability and impartiality of our judiciary. We do not pretend to say whether either of the views we have given are correct. We hope that a decision one way or the other will be speedily rendered. But, if the decision is to be postponed till October, we do say that it is difficult to perceive any worthy or satisfactory reason for such a delay. Can it be that the judges of our Supreme Court are so ignorant of the law, that they require over a month and a half to determine their course in this matter? And must a native-born Pennsylvanian—imprisoned at the mere pleasure of a Judge—wait for a decision that he knows, if he has the Constitution solemnly guarantees to him—lay sickening in his prison, while the Supreme Court of the State takes a month and a half to investigate the nature of its powers and its duties? Certainly such cannot be the intention of our Supreme Judges—they do not design to take their ease and leisure with a case involving the most sacred privilege of a fellow citizen, and the rights and dignity of the State.

But, whatever those judges may design, the course of the friends of the Trial by Jury and State Rights is perfectly clear. Like St. Paul, they must appeal to Cæsar—to the people! They must hold meetings in all parts of the State, and appoint committees to bring this matter properly before the census, and to pass from every candidate for the legislature, as to whether he is willing, if elected, to vote for such energetic measures as the occasion may demand. A question like this—involving as it does the right to a Trial by Jury, and the Dignity of the State—must override mere party organizations. The old Democratic, State Rights feeling of the people must be appealed to. The words, "I am a citizen of Pennsylvania!" must be made to strike as much terror into the hearts of overbearing Judges now, as the words, "I am a Roman citizen," did in the ancient days. "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman and uncondemned?" said Paul to the Centurion. And the Centurion said to the Chief Captain, "Take heed what thou doest, for this man is a Roman." As the name of Roman was a talisman of protection against the wanton tyranny of "unconstitutional" authority in that day; so let us make the name of Pennsylvanian as equally sure safeguard against wanton and "unconstitutional" authority in ours.

It is monstrous—this action of *Judge* Kane's. What right had he, a Federal Judge, to interfere, in any way, with alleged offences against the dignity and dignity of Pennsylvania? The command of Williamson committed a blunder in showing respect for his authority and writ at all. They should have denied his rightful jurisdiction from the outset—and given him some ground of imprisonment for *contempt*. And then to say that he knew of no law in Pennsylvania which would deprive a citizen of North Carolina of his property—meaning, if he meant anything beyond the moral quotation, that he knew of no law which would prevent a citizen of North Carolina from holding slaves in Pennsylvania!—an assertion the impudence or ignorance of which can scarcely be surpassed.

If the people of Pennsylvania have something in them to be roused, a spark of that old fire which enlivened them when they pushed with bloody footsteps the canon of Valley Forge, they will send to the next Legislature men prepared to maintain our free institutions, and enforce the constitutional rights of our citizens, with the whole power and authority of the State.

TEETOTALISM.

In our last week's paper, we gave a number of pages of an article on the subject of the Liquor Traffic and Drinking. We now give the concluding pages of the article, which we commend to our readers as worthy of their attention, before the July election.

Some years ago, bread was discovered to contain gin; and a company was started to manufacture consumers bread, which, for a time, succeeded.

At last, a bold and brilliant latter opened a shop immediately facing one of the new company's establishments, and in his window he placed this announcement, emphatic with all large sources of type:—

BREAD WITH THE GIN IN IT!

Either from some natural peculiarity to evil, or else from energy of good sense, the British public preferred the latter. The latter, had in the bold baker, and from that time to the present, has continued to get bread with the gin in it, undisturbed by any fears.

The over of Teetotalism, says the Reviewer, consists "in assuming that whatever is true of the excessive use of alcohol, is true also in proportionate degree of the moderate and occasional use." "Alcohol is food; you is not the same as alcohol." In a foot-note, it is stated that the words "intoxication" and "drunkenness" do not mean the same; "intoxication" meaning the introduction of any kind of poison into the system, as "anæsthetic inhalations," "indian intoxication," &c., whereas "drunkenness" is a Saxon term, and refers only to the abuse of liquor.

"The argument from excess is worthless. It only needs cases of excess. Oxygen is as terrible a poison as strychnine, if in excess. Food, so indispensable in the organism, is obliged to be reduced to moderate quantities before the organism can endure it. Light, which is the energy's element, is the organ's produces blindness in excess. Motion chops here, when taken in moderation, a nutritive whole which no Briton is bold enough to question, except the Briton laboring under the fallacy of Vegetarianism—a kindred fallacy with that of Teetotalism; yet excess chops taken in excess kill with the certainty of arsenic; for over-nutrition is fatal."

A number of illustrations are given, intended to show that "the effects of an excessive use of anything are not always to be predicated, in a minor degree, of the moderate use."

"Two mutton chops are means of nutrition; five, of indigestion; seven, of other prostrations. One glass of brandy and water excites exhilaration; three glasses, produce thinking with a tendency to tears; five, a picture we need not paint. We ask whether, in the quality of one mutton chop and one glass of brandy, there are embers of an intrinsic danger which only lie dormant in the other?

Liebig's classification of food is given—*Plastic*, or tissue-making, *Respiratory*, or heat making.

The respiratory matter required for daily consumption, is five times the weight of the plastic matter.

"Alcohol stands high as a respiratory material. Its use enables us to dispense with potatoes and sugar in our food." (Liebig.) It were wasted to show that alcohol is food! Are not all physiologists agreed in considering respiration to be a function of food? But we show that alcohol is not only food in this sense, but also in the sense of supplying the place of other kinds of food. If you don't drink alcohol, you must supply its place with more bread, or pudding. Liebig tells us that temperance families depriving their servants of beer, gave them increased wages in money; but they soon found that the actually consumption of bread increased so strikingly, that the boon was twice paid for once in money, and a second time in bread. The same authority relates the experience of the hundred at the Hôtel de Ville, in Paris, effect, where the Peace Congress was held; the members of this Congress were mostly teetotallers, and a regular deficiency was observed every day in certain dishes, especially farinaceous dishes, puddings, &c. So unheard of a deficiency for an establishment which had for years the amount of dishes for a given number of persons had been so well known, excited the laughing attention of the teetotallers made up in pudding what they had neglected in wine.

The assertion is made that alcohol is a stimulus into which men with weak stomachs may employ with advantage, and that although the energy given by a little beer or wine to an overworked organism, may soon pass away, yet it will have aided in digesting food which otherwise would which have been digested.

The writer also says that it is not necessary to increase the dose to produce the effect.

Men take their pint of beer, or pint of wine, daily, for a series of years; this dose daily produces its effect; and if at any time it be increased—if the dose—or some more potent drink, a quart in lieu of a pint—they are at once made aware of the excess. Men drink one or two cups of tea or coffee at breakfast with unvarying regularity for a whole lifetime; but who ever felt the necessity of gradually increasing the amount to three, four, five cups? Yet we know what a stimulus tea is—we know that treble the amount of our daily consumption would induce paralysis; why are we not terrified into a fear of both tea and coffee? Every time fresh oil is poured on fresh coal the same phenomenon presents itself; every time an eel is skinned he wriggles with ancestral vigor, and will not become "used to it;" and in like manner every time a fresh stimulus is applied to fresh nerve tissue, an article of food even. For we must not forget this: the tissue turns to-day is not the tissue burnt yesterday; the nerve particles stimulated into activity to-day will not be living to-morrow when fresh stimulus is applied. Change, incessant change, is the law of our being. Fresh food renews, fresh tissue; for fresh stimulus, fresh nerve; kept is always wriggling with eels, but the eels are strangers and can't get used to skinning.

Well—granting all the above—and our own views are not very different—what is the result? The great fact remains the same, that the evil of intemperance has overspread the whole of England and America, causing poverty, crime and misery to a degree which is impossible to magnify in words. Scarcely a family exists in the countries where the fiery distilled liquors are habitually used, which has not had one or more members almost utterly ruined, body, mind, and soul, by an inability to moderate the craving for the intoxicating cup.

Now, what shall we do? Granting that the *temperate* use of ardent spirits is not hurtful—that it is even beneficial—are we not paying too dearly for this benefit, if, as a consequence of it, every family must yield up a father, a mother, a brother, or a sister to utter destruction? That is the light in which the question presents itself to us. That is the mode of viewing it which has led parents to banish spirituous liquors entirely from the family circle—and which, on the same principle, has led many of our State Governments to pass stringent prohibitory laws.

It may be said, "Because a thing is abused, is no reason why it should not be carefully and properly used;" but that depends upon the amount of good derived from the use, as compared with the danger of, and amount of evil caused by, the abuse. If the liability to abuse, and the evils of said abuse, be very great, whereas the good is but small—or is of a kind that can be obtained from some safer source—then common sense obviously points to a restriction of the use on account of the great danger of the abuse of the commodity. It is upon this principle doubtless that St. Paul says—"*It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.*"

Therefore the question is not settled by proving that alcoholic drinks are even beneficial, taken in moderation. The benefit is to be weighed against the immense amount of poverty, crime, suffering, and sorrow which have been found inevitably to result from their use. If a father have four or five young sons he may conclude almost with the certainty of an arithmetical calculation, that the daily use of wine at his table will cause at least one of them to fall, and bring grief and dishonor upon his gray hairs. He must then balance the good the wine will do the others, against the harm it will do that one. And certainly if that good can be at all as well supplied by an extra allowance of "pudding," or other farinaceous food, he will gladly substitute that which is equally beneficial, and comparatively harmless, for an article which even if good as a servant, is so terribly tyrannical and destructive as a master. We are persuaded that these are the common sense and practical considerations which have made so many moderate and conservative men "teetotallers" and prohibitionists.

Dr. Beale.—The Supreme Court has refused Dr. Beale, the dentist, a new trial—though the sentence was found erroneous, and the Court of Oyer and Terminer directed to sentence him over again according to law.

THE RIOT SPIRIT.

It is very difficult to get at the exact truth in the matter of the Louisville Riot—both sides bringing forth very reasonable amount of honesty, and even from political opponents, to throw out the strongest facts for their opponents. Of course, we have to be on our guard against the fact that it is in women and children that the spirit of party is most bitter.

Mr. Editor: I was horrified at seeing in your Saturday's issue of the "Post" a letter of a Louisville lady, from Georgia, which I had read in the Louisville papers, and had forgotten, but which is a true picture of the fiery spirit of party. Mind, I do not say that the lady is, but it is by no means so flagrant, or out-rageous as your Boston correspondent's letter. I ought to know, for I am myself a Whig, and every third lady of my acquaintance is a Democrat, and I have seen, and felt, the excitement. The presence, I know, is an evil one, and that it is very natural the sober side of the church should sit on the other side of the church to oring as lady stained with tobacco as the gentleman, "but it was somewhat bitter." If your correspondent had been in Louisville the first place, he speaks of the anxiety of the populace, and then goes on to speak of Indian riots heard in Boston. The Protestant, that is the Whig, Boston, which has shipped into the market for a bottle, and throws carried to the south, which are rubbed with it just as you have rubbed your Indian riots, and which are being imbued by it. I, as a Democrat, and born of such a case in my life, and I know of several ladies that use a bottle in two and three weeks. I, for one, would be very much by truth in my mouth at the very time that I read your piece, which I should stand to swear that I had never seen the Democrat that some people should allow their credulity to be so shipped upon as to believe and publish such a tale. I have read and felt for years, though only at the moderate rate of two bottles a year; but I am willing to give up when I perceive that it is injurious. I have read and felt the delicious fragrance produced by excessive use of it to the prostration of the general health, and I believe that it cause much bodily indisposition. As to our being at parlor or in chamber, or until it stupefies the brain, that certainly is not my of that I can answer you.

Respectfully your friend and

SUBSCRIBER.

P.S. After me, in this letter, to expose to you the unfigured satisfaction that your paper has given me this year. Its interesting tales, pleasant sensations, and its fearless and unbiased, are not to be surpassed. The "Post" is the most welcome of any of our literary visitors. I have been a subscriber for nearly six years, (both before and after my marriage,) and expect to remain one or long as our paper retains the high standard which it has here set up for it.

There may have been some errors in our first correspondent's statement, but the main important items—those of general use and deleterious effects—are acknowledged by the writer of the above to be true. In a recent number of "Life Illustrated" there is a letter from Telfair county, Georgia, which says:—

"Tobacco-using spreads greatly in this State in all places that I have visited, and I have been over a large part of it. The excess and snuff and smoke, and, incredible as it may seem, little girls of six and seven years old dip snuff and smoke. Tobacco is a large crop. The preachers, also, are great consumers of the noxious weed. During the last two years, I have had an introduction to no less than eighteen Methodist preachers, and of that number there were only three who did not use tobacco, just one in six. I attribute the prevalence of the habit among them to the frequent and exhausting excitements experienced."

However we may reconcile ourselves to the habitual consumption of tobacco by gentlemen, the idea of a lady defiling herself in such a manner is one not to be tolerated. Our correspondent says, "I have been, for a lady—but the smell of snuff would disgust any man of cultivation and refinement with Venus or Minerva herself. And we do trust, therefore, that those of our lady readers who are in the habit of resorting to such abominable practices, will make a vow never to touch tobacco, in any form, whether it be chewed, smoked, or in the shape of tongs, again. Of one thing, we would warn all—you cannot keep the practice a secret. The smell of snuff will penetrate through all disguises.

You may wash, you may perfume your mouth if you will, But the scent of tobacco will long remain it still.

Inspectors of Buildings.—An important law, providing for the appointment of Inspectors of Public Buildings, in Philadelphia, was passed by the last session of the Legislature, of which we give an abstract:—

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SNUFF-RUBBING.

We have received a letter from a lady in Alabama, in answer to an article in the Post on Snuff-Rubbing. We, of course, approve the sense of the writer, but cannot and must say that we believe it was that it is a woman of the delicacy and refinement of the lady in question.

Mr. Editor: I was horrified at seeing in your Saturday's issue of the "Post" a letter of a lady from Georgia, which I had read in the Louisville papers, and had forgotten, but which is a true picture of the fiery spirit of party. Mind, I do not say that the lady is, but it is by no means so flagrant, or out-rageous as your Boston correspondent's letter. I ought to know, for I am myself a Whig, and every third lady of my acquaintance is a Democrat, and I have seen, and felt, the excitement. The presence, I know, is an evil one, and that it is very natural the sober side of the church should sit on the other side of the church to oring as lady stained with tobacco as the gentleman, "but it was somewhat bitter." If your correspondent had been in Louisville the first place, he speaks of the anxiety of the populace, and then goes on to speak of Indian riots heard in Boston. The Protestant, that is the Whig, Boston, which is shipped into the market for a bottle, and throws carried to the south, which are rubbed with it just as you have rubbed your Indian riots, and which are being imbued by it. I, as a Democrat, and born of such a case in my life, and I know of several ladies that use a bottle in two and three weeks. I, for one, would be very much by truth in my mouth at the very time that I read your piece, which I should stand to swear that I had never seen the Democrat that some people should allow their credulity to be so shipped upon as to believe and publish such a tale. I have read and felt for years, though only at the moderate rate of two bottles a year; but I am willing to give up when I perceive that it is injurious. I have read and felt the delicious fragrance produced by excessive use of it to the prostration of the general health, and I believe that it cause much bodily indisposition. As to our being at parlor or in chamber, or until it stupefies the brain, that certainly is not my of that I can answer you.

Respectfully your friend and

SUBSCRIBER.

P.S. After me, in this letter, to expose to you the unfigured satisfaction that your paper has given me this year. Its interesting tales, pleasant sensations, and its fearless and unbiased, are not to be surpassed. The "Post" is the most welcome of any of our literary visitors. I have been a subscriber for nearly six years, (both before and after my marriage,) and expect to remain one or long as our paper retains the high standard which it has here set up for it.

There may have been some errors in our first correspondent's statement, but the main important items—those of general use and deleterious effects—are acknowledged by the writer of the above to be true. In a recent number of "Life Illustrated" there is a letter from Telfair county, Georgia, which says:—

"Tobacco-using spreads greatly in this State in all places that I have visited, and I have been over a large part of it. The excess and snuff and smoke, and, incredible as it may seem, little girls of six and seven years old dip snuff and smoke. Tobacco is a large crop. The preachers, also, are great consumers of the noxious weed. During the last two years, I have had an introduction to no less than eighteen Methodist preachers, and of that number there were only three who did not use tobacco, just one in six. I attribute the prevalence of the habit among them to the frequent and exhausting excitements experienced."

However we may reconcile ourselves to the habitual consumption of tobacco by gentlemen, the idea of a lady defiling herself in such a manner is one not to be tolerated. Our correspondent says, "I have been, for a lady—but the smell of snuff would disgust any man of cultivation and refinement with Venus or Minerva herself. And we do trust, therefore, that those of our lady readers who are in the habit of resorting to such abominable practices, will make a vow never to touch tobacco, in any form, whether it be chewed, smoked, or in the shape of tongs, again. Of one thing, we would warn all—you cannot keep the practice a secret. The smell of snuff will penetrate through all disguises.

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New Publications.

[illegible]

General News.

SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1854.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the America we have Liverpool dates to the evening of the 5th inst.

The news from the stage represents that everything will be prepared for a general assault upon Sebastopol on the 8th.

The Russians have succeeded in establishing rifle pits in front of the French Sappers.

The advices from the Crimea are to the 20th ult., and continue unofficial preparations for a grand expedition. All the vessels of the fleet were assembled at Kamiesch.

Lord Cowley has returned from London to Liverpool, on the eve of the sailing of the steamer, that the mails from the Baltic to the 21st of July had received. They brought nothing of importance. The destruction of a few small batteries at Kotka is announced.

Friday, Friday evening, Aug. 3.—There was a sudden rise to-day noon in the funds, followed by a reaction afterwards, and closing at 1 above yesterday's quotations. Government securities have risen to three per cent. The corn crop of Portugal is abundant. The cholera is prevailing in Oporto.

The Paris correspondent of the Times, writing on the 1st, says:—It is stated this afternoon, that General Letang, who had been a year in all the principal Courts of Europe in the Austrian General Crenneville was to Paris, to open a military negotiation with Austria, and whose appointment was thought to be the New York market. It gives a cheerful tone to the Stock Exchange, and a rise of substantials, and sets the ball rolling 800,000 head of cattle, and 40,000 of sheep and lambs, and a half millions of bushels of this native produce from the States in the valley of the Mississippi.

Mr. Fadness.—Chauncy Jerome, clock-builder at New Haven, an ex-Governor of that city, has ordered one of organs for his new church. Instead of building a Chinese church, he is sending the heathen shrines for the Chinese, to whom he sends his Bibles, near out the inside works, and turn the inside to make organs in their cases, we suppose.

Two to Canada.—The Scotch, Engish, and other foreign settlers in Canada recently issued a circular, at invited all citizens in the United States to join them in Canada, in order to free themselves from the influence of Roman Catholic priests, and other religious societies, which, they assert, are fast gaining ascendancy in political and religious matters.

Marriage.—At Sacramento, California, after the ceremony was over, a young girl, you know, went behind the curtain, where the bride was to her, "Why don't you, I would if I could," said she. "It isn't my place this evening." In government the next morning was published.

Iowa and Owasasa.—The projecting Paris by six lines of railroad considerable—but has a river system of axial rails, fifteen feet apart, and the next morning was published.

Cuba and Spain.—The projecting Paris by six lines of railroad considerable—but has a river system of axial rails, fifteen feet apart, and the next morning was published.

Cuba.—A letter from Havana states that the Spanish Government has ordered the Spanish Government to make a strong remonstrance against the proceedings of the Spanish Government in Cuba, and

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$2, if not paid in advance. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years. We cannot depart from these low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city or one address, and in the remarkably low Post-Office.

4 Copies, - - - - - - $8,00 Per Annum.
8 = (and one to the getter up of the Club.) - - 16,00 "
12 = (and one to the getter up of the Club.) - - 24,00 "
20 = (and one to the getter up of the Club.) - - 30,00 "

Persons residing in British North America will pay sixteen shillings cents in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

Payment—Payment or subscriptions may be sent at the same rate, provided the letter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time there of the same list. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. We object to be here all the subscriptions to each Club and at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Postmasters or others sending for Clubs, would render a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

In Three Months.—Our subscribers will bear in mind that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. All letters should be prepaid.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed from, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that each of our old friends the Post-Masters, or do not feel inclined to take advantage of the Act of Congress, will still show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

PROSPECTUS.

We say state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that it is now in its twenty-second year, and has between 20,000 and 30,000 subscribers.

The contribution to the Post are among the best writers in the Union. We shall shortly commence the publication of

THE OPENING SERMON, BY GRACE GREENWOOD, which we design following by

VITTIA, A STORY OF LOVE'S MISTERY, by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," &c., &c., &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of ROMANCES, ORIGINAL SKETCHES and LETTERS, PICTURES OF LIFE in our own and foreign lands, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, ANECDOTES AMUSING, GRAPHIC NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, TIME OF THE PASSING and STORY MEMORIES, RARE BITS FOR LIFE, POETRY, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World. For home, &c., see head of column.

TO PENNSYLVANIANS.

A telegraphic despatch from Bedford, where the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania was recently in session, states that

The application of Passmore Williamson for a writ of habeas corpus, came up to-day (the 16th) before the Supreme Court, and was argued by the Hon. Charles Gilpin and Wm. M. Meredith, of counsel for petitioner and the Court for three hours, and were most able arguments. All the Judges were present, and some time was spent in consultation. The Court, finally, without coming to a decision with reference to the application, adjourned to meet at Sunbury on the first Monday in October next.

While it does not necessarily follow from the above announcement, that the decision itself should be put off to the first Monday in October, it would be well for the opponents of judicial tyranny, and the "one man power," to act as if such were the case. The postponement is genuine, is positive—the accounted for in one of the following manners:—

1. That the Judges of the Supreme Court do not wish either to grant or refuse the habeas corpus—having on the one hand a political as well as judicial sympathy with Judge Kane, and on the other, a reverence for the people of Pennsylvania. And hope that, by putting off the decision, something possibly may "turn up" to render any decision unnecessary.

2. That they intend to give a decision against the application, but wish to put the subject out of the way for a time if possible, so that it cannot be made to interfere with the October election.

Such are the general impressions—and such impressions serve to show the amount of faith placed in the sincerity and impartiality of the judiciary. We do not presume to say whether either of the views we have given are correct. We hope that a decision one way or the other will be speedily rendered. But, if the decision is to be postponed till October, we do say that it is difficult to perceive any worthy or satisfactory reasons for such a delay. Can it be that the judges of our Supreme Court are so ignorant of the law, that they require over a month and a half to determine their course in this matter? And treat a native-born Pennsylvanian—imprisoned at the mere pleasure of a Federal Judge—without that trial by his peers which the Constitution solemnly guarantees to him—lay sickening in his prison, while the Supreme Court of the State takes a month and a half to investigate the nature of its powers and its duties? Certainly such cannot be the intention of our Supreme Judges—they do not design to take their ease and leisure with a case involving the most sacred privileges of a fellow citizen, and the rights and dignity of the State.

But, whatever these judges may design, the course of the friends of the Trial by Jury and State Rights is perfectly clear. Like St. Paul, they must appeal to Cæsar—to the people! They must hold meetings in all parts of the State, and appoint committees to bring this matter properly before the masses, and to question every candidate for the legislature, as to whether he is willing, if elected, to vote for such energetic measures as the occasion may demand. A question like this—involving as it does the right to a Trial by Jury, and the Dignity of the State—must override mere party organizations. The old Democratic, States Rights feeling of the people must be appealed to. The words, "I am a citizen of Pennsylvania!" must be made to strike as much terror into the hearts of overbearing Judges now, as the words, "I am a Roman citizen," did in the ancient days. "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman and uncondemned?" said Paul to the Centurion. And the Centurion said to the Chief Captain, "Take heed what thou doest, for this man is a Roman." As the name of Roman was a talisman of protection against the wanton tyranny of "uncontrolled" authority in that day; so let us make the name of Pennsylvanian an equally sure safeguard against wanton and "uncontrolled" authority in ours.

It is monstrous—this action of Judge Kane's. What right had he, a Federal Judge, to interfere, in any way, with alleged offences against the peace and dignity of Pennsylvania? The council of Williamson committed a blunder in showing respect for his authority and writ at all. They should have denied his rightful jurisdiction from the outset—and given him some ground of imprisonment for contempt. And then to say that he knew of no law in Pennsylvania which would deprive a citizen of North Carolina of his property—meaning, if he meant anything beyond the sacred quibble, that he knew of no law which would prevent a citizen of North Carolina from holding slaves in Pennsylvania!—an assertion the impudence or ignorance of which can scarcely be overpowered.

If the people of Pennsylvania have anything to do to be sure a spark of that old fire which enkindled them when they trudged with bloody footsteps the snows of Valley Forge, they will send to the next Legislature men prepared to maintain our free institutions, and enforce the constitutional rights of our citizens, with the whole power and authority of the

TEETOTALISM.

In our last week's paper, we gave a number of extracts on the subject of the great evil of the use of intoxicating drinks. We now do so in reference to the effects of the prevalent practice of using tobacco, which we find in the Report of the Philadelphia Medical Society, for July.

The Committee appointed to report on the subject, reported that "the use of tobacco is considered by them, that it is pernicious because the force gained by its use is only temporary; and, finally, it gives the system a feeling of weakness, so that the habitual tobacco-user, frequently for many years, almost totally unfitted by other stimulants, call "quidnuncs." When the late Chief Justice Robinson was shown the manuscript in a form of notes, intended for a colloquial address, he said, "Gentlemen, I will, in time be well and drink brandy; — for them, if the manufacturers are not dead, they will be dead drunk."

Some years ago, bread was discovered to contain gin; and a company was started to manufacture temperance bread, which, for a time, succeeded.

At last, a bold and brilliant baker opened a shop with ginger-bread cake of the first rate; people's establishments, and in his window he placed this announcement, emphatic with all their sources of type—

"Pure Gin—Gin without water!"

Rather from sense and practicity to evil, or else from energy of good sense, the British public responded to the appeal, flocked to the shop, and from that time to the present, has continued to eat bread with the gin in it, unfettered by any fears.

The error of Teetotalism, says the Reviewer, consists in assuming that whatever is true of the excessive use of alcohol, is true also in proportionate degree of the moderate and occasional use." "Alcohol in food, we is not the same as alcohol." In a foot-note, it is stated that the words "intoxication" and "drunkenness" do not mean the same; "intoxication" meaning the intoxication of any kind of poison into the system, as "alcoholic intoxication," "Indian intoxication," &c., &c., and "drunkenness" is a Saxon term, and refers only to the abuse of liquor.

"The argument from excess is worthless. It only meets cases of excess. Oxygen is as terrible a poison as strychnine, if in excess. Heat, so indispensable to the organism, is obliged to be reduced to moderate quantities before the organism can endure it. Light, essential to healthy vision, leads to the gravest blindness in excess. Motion chequered, when taken in moderation, a nutritive value which no Britton is bold enough to question, changed into Sutton labouring under the lethargy of Vagabondism—a kindred fallacy with that of Teetotalism; yet motion chops taken in moderation, with the certainty of arsenic; for over-nutrition is fatal."

A number of illustrations are given, intended to show that "the effects of an excessive use of anything are not always to be predicated, in a minor degree, of the moderate use."

"Two mutton chops are means of nutrition; five, of indigestion; seven, of other prostrations; a glass of brandy and water creates exhilaration; three glasses, purpleness thinking with a tendency to tours; five, a picture of a sick man; six, a sot; six, a corpse. We cannot, with any certainty, say whether either of the views we have given are correct. We hope that a decision one way or the other will be speedily rendered. But, if the decision is to be postponed till October, we do say that it is difficult to perceive any worthy or satisfactory reasons for such a delay. Can it be that the judges of our Supreme Court are so ignorant of the law, that they require over a month and a half to determine their course in this matter? And treat a native-born Pennsylvanian—imprisoned at the mere pleasure of a Federal Judge—without that trial by his peers which the Constitution solemnly guarantees to him—lay sickening in his prison, while the Supreme Court of the State takes a month and a half to investigate the nature of its powers and its duties? Certainly such cannot be the intention of our Supreme Judges—they do not design to take their ease and leisure with a case involving the most sacred privileges of a fellow citizen, and the rights and dignity of the State.

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THE RIOT SPIRIT.

It is very difficult to get at the exact truth in the matter of the Louisville Riot—both sides bringing forth any reasonable amount of testimony, and even from political opponents, to prove to the opposite party that the best side. Our views, therefore, on the subject, we have already given. We have stated that the City Authorities had not shown themselves equal to the occasion, and that the military should be called in to Louisville, that order might be restored.

While we admit the exceptionally and shocking character of this and other recent riots, we cannot agree with those persons which assert that the anti-spirit is more prominent and more dangerous than formerly, and are inclined to lay the blame upon this, that or the other party in principle. We apprehend that the reason these officers think there are more mobs now than of old, is owing to the fact that they are now becoming the mobbed instead of the mobbing party. There is nothing like the amount of riot and outrage now as of old, at times, which there was in the great contests between the Republicans and the Federalists, or, in more recent times, between the Democrats and the Whigs. Why, when we were a boy, and took perhaps greater interest in such things than at present, we have seen the Democratic party rise up and crush a Whig, and that Whig was almost impossible for the Whigs—who did not enjoy street-fights—to vote. Again, we have known riot after riot in Philadelphia, the actors in which were, to a very great degree, the lowest class of foreigners, especially of the Irish. Certainly, in these days, we never expected to see the Irish, as a body, the Democrats, and even the Irish themselves, would be mobbed in turn—as was the case in the Native American riots in the city, and in other places since. But, if a man lives long enough, he sees a great many turns of too wheel—and some very curious ones too.

No, in our opinion, there is not so much rioting now, especially at the polls, as there was twenty years ago—taking into full account all the recent riots. The only change is, that men are now suffering who are not accustomed to it, and therefore bear it rather hardly. And while we would not say a word that could be tortured into a justification of rioting—except that kind of rioting, founded on eternal principles, of which the Boston Tea Party was a sample, and which, perhaps, may be occasionally necessary—still we think it rather a good thing that what rioting we have, should, in the course of events, be fairly distributed, instead of all falling on one side.

SIGNS.

The Red Republican French paper in New York, "*Le Progrès*," gave up the ghost to-day, after a fitful existence of just seven months. *Reason*—want of support. The French residents in New York favor the Courrier, which is Napoleonist in policy and tendency.

And yet in spite of such signs as the above, the New York Tribune and certain other papers will persist in the ridiculous assertion that Louis Napoleon, unscrupulous as he is, is not the choice of a great majority of the French people.

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SNUFF-RUBBING.

We have received a letter from a correspondent in Alabama, in answer to an article in our Post on Snuff-taking. We do not know, nor guess the name of the writer, but others and we think the letter is a good one, and we give it here for the information and benefit of our readers.

MR. EDITOR: I was horrified of seeing in your last number of the "Post" a letter on "Snuff-taking," from Georgia, which I should like to have you or some other person who knows how to write, to answer. Now, sir, I am a "snuff-taker," or rather "snuff-rubber," as I prefer to call it, and I do not imagine it is a very bad habit, when one is not carried too far, and I think I can prove it by a few reasons.

While we admit the conspicuous and shocking character of this and other recent riots, we cannot agree with those persons which assert that the anti-spirit is more prominent and more dangerous than formerly, and are inclined to lay the blame upon this, that or the other party in principle. We apprehend that the reason these officers think there are more mobs now than of old, is owing to the fact that they are now becoming the mobbed instead of the mobbing party. There is nothing like the amount of riot and outrage now as of old, at times, which there was in the great contests between the Republicans and the Federalists, or, in more recent times, between the Democrats and the Whigs. Why, when we were a boy, and took perhaps greater interest in such things than at present, we have seen the Democratic party rise up and crush a Whig, and that Whig was almost impossible for the Whigs—who did not enjoy street-fights—to vote. Again, we have known riot after riot in Philadelphia, the actors in which were, to a very great degree, the lowest class of foreigners, especially of the Irish. Certainly, in these days, we never expected to see the Irish, as a body, the Democrats, and even the Irish themselves, would be mobbed in turn—as was the case in the Native American riots in the city, and in other places since. But, if a man lives long enough, he sees a great many turns of too wheel—and some very curious ones too.

No, in our opinion, there is not so much rioting now, especially at the polls, as there was twenty years ago—taking into full account all the recent riots. The only change is, that men are now suffering who are not accustomed to it, and therefore bear it rather hardly. And while we would not say a word that could be tortured into a justification of rioting—except that kind of rioting, founded on eternal principles, of which the Boston Tea Party was a sample, and which, perhaps, may be occasionally necessary—still we think it rather a good thing that what rioting we have, should, in the course of events, be fairly distributed, instead of all falling on one side.

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New Publications.

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SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1856.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Asiatic we have Liverpool dates to Saturday the 6th inst.

The news from the siege represents that everything will be prepared for a general assaut on the 6th or 7th of August.

The Russians have succeeded in establishing rifle pits in front of the French Sappers.

The advices from the Crimea are to the 25th ult., and continued preparations for a grand expedition. All the subsists of the fleet were assembled at Kamiesch.

It was announced from London to Liverpool, on the eve of the sailing of the steamer, that the mails from the Baltic to the 31st of July had been received. They brought nothing of importance. The destruction of a few more batteries at Kotka is announced.

Edward, Friday evening, Aug. 1. There was a modest rise to-day in the room in the Rotunda, followed by a reaction afterwards, and closing at 1 above yesterday's quotations. Government securities have risen to three per cent.

The corn crop of Portugal is abundant. The chokers is prevailing in Oporto.

The Paris correspondent of the Times, writing on the 1st, says:—It is stated this afternoon, that General Lesseps, who had been sent by the French Government to Vienna, on the Austrian General Crossenfelle was to Paris, to form a military convention with Austria, and other measures, in case it should come to pass that the Austrian General left Paris, sets out for morrow for Vienna.

His journey is said to be in consequence of an autograph letter received by the Emperor Napoleon from the Emperor of Austria, and which letter was, in turn, occasioned by the communication which, as I stated a few days ago, had been addressed by the Empress Dowager of Russia to the Archduchess Sophia of Austria. The same writer adds, on the 2nd:—It is alleged, according to one version, that the Court of Russia has expressed, through the medium of the late Czar's widow, a willingness to accept the proposition of the Western Powers as interpreted by them on the Limitation question.

Another version, to which greater credit is attached, is, that Russia appears to be much more reasonable than Mr. Roebuck. General Lesseps is said to be the bearer of the Emperor Napoleon's reply to the Emperor of Austria, touching the new phase of the Eastern question.

There is no confirmation of the report of an immediate sale Georgia by Schamyl, and Gen. Mouravieff's interest upon Tiflis.

It was reported in Paris that the French Government had official notification of the accomplishment of the bombardment of the Malakoff and Redan, preparatory to an assault.

The Viceroy of Egypt is negotiating with the Rebelsion to secure his Crimea.

It was telegraphed from London on Saturday morn, that the siege of Sebastopol was about to be raised, and also, that the Western Powers had received communications from Germany of startling interest.

The fortifications of the Allies are progressing in the Sea of Azoff.

The accounts from Constantinople say that Schamyl had descended the mountains, threatening the retrograde movements of the Russians.

In the Baltic there is no alteration in the position of the squadrons.

The Liverpool Northern News says:—

The correspondence carried on between the Emperor Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria is said to relate to new proposals for peace, which, at the present moment, are made by Austria to the Western Powers.

It is expected that General Regnault St. Jean d'Angely will be recalled. He has again quarrelled with General Pelissier, because the latter does not spare the Imperial Guard more than the other troops in the works of the trenches.

The St. Petersburg journals last received contain Prince Gortschakoff's review of the present position of affairs to the 10th of July. The General observes that the besiegers are opening new trenches, raising the height, and increasing the strength of the parapets of their batteries, and opening new embrasures; and that, on the other hand, his loss has been moderate, and that the 7th and 8th were very successful.

The Empress Dowager of Russia will, it is said, accompany the Prince of Prussia on his return to Berlin.

A telegraphic despatch from Warsaw, dated 29th July, says that the Russian Government has taken off the prohibition imposed some time ago, on the exportation of wheat from Poland into Austria.

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TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$2, if not paid in advance. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one post office:

4 Copies,	$6,00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00 "
12 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00 "
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00 "

Persons residing in *British North America* will find Subscription cards in addition to the subscription price, by our kind favor, to pay the United States postage.

Remittances in Gold—Any person having sent the money and name for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the letter will show their subscriptions to end at the same time. Some of the units for the Club list, will willingly supply the back numbers if we know them. Our object here is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would merely oblige us by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A Short Answer.—Our subscribers will oblige us by stating that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please send to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. All letters should be post-paid.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed from, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that each of our old friends the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our Club rates, will yet favor us with their new Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

PROSPECTUS.

We say state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that it is now in its twenty-seventh year, and has between 20,000 and 30,000 subscribers.

The contributors to the Post are among the best men in the Union. We shall shortly commence the publication of

The Orphan Sketches, by Grace Greenwood; which we design following by

Vivia, a Story of Life's Mystery, by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," &c., &c., &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of Romances, Original Sketches and Letters, Pictures of Life in our own and foreign lands, Choice Selections from all sources, Anecdotes, Adventures, Original Poetry, Humorous Anecdotes, Wit or the Pleasant and Grave Essays, Late News Last, Editorials, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the times World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

TO PENNSYLVANIANS.

A telegraphic dispatch from Bedford, where the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania was recently in session, says—

The application of Passmore Williamson for a writ of habeas corpus, coming up to-day (the 16th) before the Supreme Court, was argued by the Hon. Charles Gilpin and Wm. M. Meredith on the relation of Williamson. The Court for three hours, and were most able arguments. All the Judges were present, and some time was spent in consultation. The Court on Friday, without coming to a decision with reference to the application, adjourned to meet at Sunbury on the first Monday in October next.

While it does not necessarily follow from the above announcement, that the decision itself should be put off to the first Monday in October, it would be well for the opponents of judicial tyranny, and the "one man power," to act as if such were the case. The postponement in question, is generally accounted for in one of the following ways:

1. That the Judges of the Supreme Court do not wish either to grant or refuse the habeas corpus—having on the one hand a political as well as judicial sympathy with Judge Kane, and on the other, a wholesome fear of the people of Pennsylvania before their eyes, in putting off the decision, something possibly may "turn up" to render any decision unnecessary.

2. That they intend to give a decision against the application, but wish to put the subject out of the way for a time if possible, so that it cannot be made to interfere with the October election.

Such are the general impressions—and such impressions serve to show the amount of faith placed in the sincerity and impartiality of the judiciary. We do not pretend to say whether either of the reasons here given are just or not. We hope that a decision one way or the other will be speedily rendered. But, if the decision is to be postponed till October, we do say that it is difficult to perceive any worthy or satisfactory reasons for such a delay. Can it be that the Judges of our Supreme Court are so wedded to the law, that they require over a month and a half to determine their course in this matter? And must a native-born Pennsylvanian—imprisoned at the mere pleasure of a Federal Judge—without that trial by his peers which the Constitution solemnly guarantees to him—lay rankening in his prison, while the Supreme Court of the State takes a month and a half to investigate the nature of its powers and its duties? Certainly such cannot be the intention of our Supreme Judges—they do not design to take their ease and leisure with a case involving the most sacred privileges of a native citizen, and the rights and dignity of the State.

But, whatever these judges may design, the course of the Friends of the Trial by Jury and State Rights is perfectly clear. Like St. Paul, they must appeal to Cesar—to the people! They must hold meetings in all parts of the State, and appoint committees to bring this matter properly before the masses, and to question every candidate for the legislature, as to whether he is willing, if elected, to vote for such energetic measures as the occasion may demand. A question like this—involving as it does the right to a Trial by Jury, and the Dignity of the State—must override mere party organizations. The old Democratic State Rights feeling of the people must be appealed to. The words, "I am a citizen of Pennsylvania!" must be made to strike as much terror into the hearts of overbearing Judges now, as the words, "I am a Roman citizen," did in the ancient days. "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman and uncondemned?" said Paul to the Centurion. And the Centurion said to the Chief Captain, "Take heed what thou doest, for this man is a Roman." So the name of Roman was a talisman of protection against the wanton tyranny of "uncontrolled" authority in that day; so let us make the name of Pennsylvanian an equally sure safeguard against wanton and "uncontrolled" authority in ours.

It is monstrous—this action of Judge Kane's. What right had he, a Federal Judge, to interfere, in any way, with alleged offenses against the laws of Pennsylvania? The conduct of Williamson committed a blunder in showing respect for his authority and writ at all. They should have denied his rightful jurisdiction from the outset—and given him some ground of imprisonment for contempt. And then to say that he knew of no law in Pennsylvania which would deprive a citizen of North Carolina of his property—meaning, if he meant anything beyond the barest quibble, that he knew of no law which would prevent a citizen of North Carolina from holding slaves in Pennsylvania—in contrition the impudence or ignorance of which can scarcely be compassioned.

If the people of Pennsylvania have anything to do to be sure a spark of that old fire which animated them when they pushed with bloody footsteps the minions of Valley Forge, they will send to the next Legislature men prepared to maintain our free institutions, and enforce the constitutional rights of our citizens, with the whole power and authority of the State.

TEETOTALISM.

[illegible]

Some years ago, bread was discovered to contain gin; and a company was started to remove temperance bread, which, for a time, succeeded.

At last, a bold and brilliant idea opened a short cut to temperance reform. It was a company's establishment, and in his trouble he placed this announcement, emphatic with all their courses of type:—

Beans were now the fine as ur!

Either from some mental peculiarity in evil, or else from energy of good cause, the British public responded to the appeal, flocked to the "Bean Market," and from that time to the present has continued to set bread with the gin in it, undisturbed by any fears.

The cover of Teetotalism, says the Reviewer, consists "in assuming that whatever is true of the excessive use of alcohol, is true also in proportionate degree of the moderate and occasional use." "Alcohol is food; and is not the same as alcohol." In a foot-note, it is stated that the words "intoxication" and "drunkenness" do not mean the same; "intoxication" meaning the introduction of any kind of poison into the system, as "occasional intoxication," or "habitual intoxication," &c., "drunkenness" meaning "in a human being, and refers only to the abuse of liquor.

"The argument from excess is worthless. It only needs cases of excess. Oxygen is no intoxicant, a poison, or anything else, if in excess. Light, which is the necessary stimulus to the eye, is a direct blindness to the retina when excessive; and, when taken in moderation, a positive value which no Briton is bold enough to question, except the Briton labouring under the fallacy of Vegetarianism—a kindred fallacy with that of Teetotalism; yet motion stops when excess kills with the certainty of arsenic; for the over-nutrition is fatal."

A number of illustrations are given, intended to show that "the effects of an excessive use of anything are not always to be predicated, in a minor degree, of the moderate use."

"Two mutton chops are means of nutrition; five, of indigestion; seven, of utter prostration. One glass of brandy and water causes exhilaration; three glasses, paralysed thinking with a tendency to tears; five, a picture of a drivelling idiot. We ask whether, in the quality of one mutton chop and one glass of brandy, there are embers of an intrinsic danger which only fanns out at the fifth."

Liebig's classification of food is given—Plastic, or tissue-making, Respiratory, or heat-making.

The preliminary matter required for daily consumption, to five times the weight of the plastic matter.

"Alcohol stands high as a respiratory material. Its use enables us to dispense with starch and sugar in our food." (Liebig.) Is more wanted, but can alcohol be food? Are not all physiologists agreed in considering respiratory materials as food? But we can show that alcohol is not food. Why? In this sense, but due to the sense of supplying the place of other kinds of food. If you don't drink alcohol, you must supply its place with more bread, or pudding. Liebig tells us how temperance families depriving their medical property before the masses, and to open their every candidate for the legislature, as to whether he is willing, if elected, to vote for such energetic measures as the occasion may demand. A question like this—involving as it does the right to a Trial by Jury, and the Dignity of the State—must override mere party organizations. The old Democratic State Rights feeling of the people must be appealed to. The words, "I am a citizen of Pennsylvania!" must be made to strike as much terror into the hearts of overbearing Judges now, as the words, "I am a Roman citizen," did in the ancient days. "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman and uncondemned?" said Paul to the Centurion. And the Centurion said to the Chief Captain, "Take heed what thou doest, for this man is a Roman." So the name of Roman was a talisman of protection against the wanton tyranny of "uncontrolled" authority in that day; so let us make the name of Pennsylvanian an equally sure safeguard against wanton and "uncontrolled" authority in ours.

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THE RIOT SPIRIT.

It is very difficult to get at the exact truth in the matter of the Louisville Riot—both sides bringing forth any conceivable amount of testimony, and even from political opponents, in some of the witnesses, every fact and every thing seems to be so colored by the political feelings of the parties, that it is difficult to get at the exact truth. [illegible]

While we admit the conspicuous and shocking character of this and other recent riots, we cannot agree with those persons which assert that the sole object in view is most patriotic and believe now less formerly, and are, owing to the blame upon this, that or the other party or politicians." We admit and that the reason these editors think there are more mobs now than of old, is owing to the fact that they are now becoming the subject instead of the mobbing party. There is nothing like the amount of riot and outrage now in our city, as there was formerly, and yet, in the old times, which there may be the Whigs—who did not enjoy street-fights—to vote. Again, we have known riot after riot in Philadelphia, the action in which were, to a very great degree, the lowest class of foreigners, especially of the Irish. Certainly, in these days, we never expected to see the time when the Democracy, and even the Democratic Press, would be called to arms—as was the case in the Native American riots in this city, and in other places since. But, if a man lives long enough, he sees a great many turns of the wheel—and sees very curious ones too.

Yes, in our opinion, there is not so much rioting now, especially at the polls, as there was twenty years ago—taking into full account all the recent riots. The only change is, that men are now suffering who are not accustomed to it, and therefore bear it rather hardly. And who we would not say a word that would be tortured into a justification of rioting—except that kind of rioting, founded on political principles, of which the Boston Tea Party was a sample, and which, perhaps, may be occasionally necessary—still we think it rather a good thing that what rioting we have, should, in the course of time, be fairly distributed, instead of all being on our side.

SIGNS.

The Red Republican French paper in New York, "*Le Progrès*," gave up the ghost to-day, after a fitful existence of just seven months. The paper was the organ of the French residents in New York favor the Courier, which is Napoleonic in policy and feeling.

And yet in spite of such signs as the above, the New York Tribune and certain other papers will persist in the ridiculous assertion that Louis Napoleon, unexplained as he is, is not the choice of a great majority of the French people.

Notwithstanding that the French nation elected him President against Cavaignac, when the republicans party by themselves ruled the roost, they say he is not the choice of the great majority.

Recently, Louis Napoleon applied to the people for a new loan—the third made recently; and what was the result. 810,000 subscribers offered nearly *five* times the amount required, viz: 4,000,000,000 of francs, or about $800,000,000. Of these there were 280,000 subscribers in the departments of France; and of foreign subscriptions—from England, Holland, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, &c.—about $120,000,000.

And yet the people of France are not attached to their Emperor, and long for his overthrow—have no enthusiasm in regard to the war, &c., &c. Why, if such a subscription had been spontaneously offered in Russia, our *liberty-loving* journals would have rung with the "noble generosity" and "immortal patriotism" of the Russian people.

MORMON PROSELYTES.

From the 27th of November, 1854, to the 20th of April, 1856, 5,426 persons left England for Utah, proselyted to the doctrines of the Latter Day Saints of the Salt country. On the authority of their statements, it is said that there are 1,000 persons in England only waiting for the means to get to Utah.

From the last accounts, we should judge that there was anything but "a good time coming" for the Saints; and the English proselytes had better "wait a little longer."

A community of Socialists have established themselves at "Cerosso," in the county of Fond-du-Lac, Wisconsin. The main article of their belief is, "the right of every woman to choose whomever she will as a husband for the time, and to change that person as often as she pleases."

"It is a bad rule that will not work both ways," and this last system is just about on a par with Mormonism. The law succeeded in breaking up the "Battle-Axes," some years ago; but "an enlightened public sentiment," will, we trust, put a stop to this, has enough on any person building or altering without a permit, $100 for each offence, and $100 for every calendar month that the building is suffered to remain without inspection. The bill also provides that no steam engine shall be erected in the city without the approval of an inspector.

Increase of Intemperance.—Notwithstanding all the efforts of the temperance societies, drunkenness appears to be on the increase in this city. Any person walking our streets between sunset and midnight, will frequently see parties of men and half-grown boys staggering from one side to the other, and hear the effects of liquor. Others will have a dogged, sullen look, being fully aware of their unfortunate condition, and anxious to reach home as quietly as possible. In New York city the state of things appears to be even worse. The arrests for drunkenness, recently, in two days, Saturday and Sunday, reached nearly a hundred. When it is taken into consideration how many more there must have been who were successful in eluding the vigilance of the police, some idea may be formed of the extent of the evil. The Prohibitory Law seems to be considered very much a dead letter, by the authorities of that city. In other parts of the State it is well observed.

Mere Nightingale.—It seems to have been a subject of considerable discussion in England, whether the heroic and benevolent Miss Nightingale is, or is not, a Unitarian. The question has been finally put to rest by a gentleman who writes to the Times that "Miss and Mrs. Nightingale, Miss Nightingale, the eldest sister of Florence, and Florence Nightingale herself, are Unitarians, even severe and strict Unitarians. There can be no mistake about her religion, as the writer of this has spoken many times to her on these subjects, and the family are remarkable for adhering to their faith, under the severe trial to which the strong prejudice against Unitarians among the higher classes of England constantly exposed them."

Well, whether she be a Unitarian or not, we guess that old Saint Peter, sitting at the celestial gate, will give her a kiss as she goes through.

The Ice Trade.—Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, for August, contains a paper entitled "Ice and the Ice Trade," from which we extract the following information:

The number of vessels engaged in ice shipments from Boston, in 1854, was 520. In 1852, the whole amount of ice shipped from Boston was but 4,952 tons. In 1854, it had increased to 146,546 tons. It to the Southern cities, last year, 110,000 tons of Boston ice were sold. In the East Indies, 14,384 tons. Only 886 tons were sent to England, which used formerly to be a better customer to the United States, but now imports its ice from Norway. New York requires its own ice—only sending out about 20,000 tons. The total amount in its vicinity is believed to be about 265,000 tons; almost equal to the quantity gathered in Boston.

Cincinnati and Chicago are supplied from the great lakes.

Complimentary.—We see it stated that *Stringfellow* recently made a speech in Kansas, in which he said that "every National Democrat was an Abolitionist in disguise. He wanted no more importations from Pennsylvania—he had enough of the Pennsylvania Popular Sovereignty men. The Pennsylvanians who had come in search of 4—4 fools, would yet go away with them in their ears."

The meaning of the above doubtless is, that Stringfellow and his gang consider the Pennsylvanians "4—4 fools" for supposing that there was any honesty or sincerity in the cry of "popular sovereignty." We do not know but he is partly right. As to his own opinion, however, he may be assured that we Pennsylvanians fully reciprocate it. We unreservedly agree with the Louisville Journal, that "*Stringfellow*, if he had his desires, would be a *strong fellow*."

SNUFF-RUBBING

[illegible]

New Publications.

[illegible]

General News.

SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

Great Statesman.—The Common Council of Fredericksburg, Va., have lately passed the following resolution:

[illegible]

Remarkable Relic.—The Rev. Daniel J. Shore, Roman Catholic Priest, fell from the tower of a church in Taunton, Mass., a few days since, a height of fifty feet, and escaped uninjured. Mr. H. is an elderly man, and weighs 200 pounds!

The Great Unwashed.—Mr. Bunce—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Post says, "Public holidays, generally, have been, and England, is inclined to look upon the days of Sebastopol as substantially a failure, and consequently, as the Crimean Fête, a mistake.

The Emperor does not at all concur in this view of the subject. He expresses his opinion strongly to his intimate friends, and, I believe, friends, and maintains that the Allies are marching steadily towards a complete victory over Russia. In one conversation with an English officer, lately, he expresses the his power; pake substantially as follows:

"There never has been a stage of Sebastopol, for the first step to constitute a stage is permanent. The Russian army has been posted at extended line between Simferopol and Sebastopol, its centre being perhaps, at one time, opposite Eupatoria, and at another at Sebastopol. The right wing of the force rests on Sebastopol, or on the right wing of the English troops at Waterloo heated on Heavy ground.

"The Anglo-French army has not been large enough to extend its lines so as to give face to the Russians, so we have occupied an entrenched position opposite their right wing and consequently, while we have been stationary, not budging, this post, we have been constantly outflanked by the Russian left. If there has been a stage at all, it is the Anglo-French army that has been beaten.

"I acknowledge the tactics of the Crimean campaign to be my own projection, and I can, in myself satisfied mainly in the results. The people of France and England were a fact of arms, and perhaps the people of America would applaud another (unclassed) and Moscow. No! France in 1812 crossed the grim steppes and deadly moors of Russia. I will never make Russia traverse her own wilderness to meet me on her frontier. There is not a man who enters the Crimea that has not undergone all we suffered in the retreat from Moscow. There is not a regiment that arrives at Pera-kop that is not decimated. Whole battalions have been engulfed. The Russian loss, according to their own estimate, rendered in the Emperor Nicholas last December, amounted to two hundred and seventy thousand. The effect troops at that time had not lost one tenth of that figure. I am content to persist the struggle in the Crimea on these terms."

On another occasion he observed:

"A Russian army is not recruited with facility. Men can be had, but not soldiers. The Russian peasantry requires from two to three years' exercise at drill before they are fit for the ranks. We have nearly exhausted the cities of their forces—those which the Czar has taken many years to create. England and France, on the contrary, grow stronger as the struggle proceeds. Our peasantry, in a few weeks, become staunch troops, and the fire of war, which burns slowly at first among our population, increases with fervour."

Again, the Emperor observed:

"It would be folly to inflict merely a wound upon Russia, from which she would soon recover. Let us rather establish a running sore in her side, from which her strength will run out. Schastopol is draining her system. The future will judge my tactics, but the people are too small to see far around them."

It is confidently stated that Louis Napoleon person will command in the forthcoming campaign in Moldavia and Russian Poland.—The new levy of 140,000 is destined for this field of action, and will augmentate the Austrian army of occupation. The object of this campaign will be the creation of a Polish Legion, comprising Volhynia, Poland, and Esthonia. In case Prussia should be induced to side by an Anglo-French army upon her clients. Rhenish provinces and the Baltic fleet, will keep her in check; while Lombardy and Hungary are moved up to block the interference of Austria. The end of all this will be an Empire of Republics. Turkey will be obliterated from the map of Europe, and form a nest of Byzantine States, into which Greece and perhaps Hungary may fall. The last great European war commenced with republicanism and ended with confirmed monarchy; this present struggle commenced with a battle of the monarchy, and will end with confirmed republics.—*N. Y. Daily Times.*

The Sea Serpent Taken.—The Buffalo Daily Republic gives an account of the capture of the great snake which has lately been seen in Silver Lake. Daniel Smith, an old whaleman, saw him, and sent to New York for a harpoon, who brought harpoons, cordage, &c. They watched for him over eight days unsuccessfully. On Sunday he came to the surface, displaying about thirty feet of his body, but only remained a few moments. On Monday morning he reappeared, and was harpooned by Mr. Smith. The whaleman had 1,200 feet of strong whale line, which the natives, in the agents, carried nearly all out. The initial stroke had broken in him. It passed through the muscles of the back, and touched the mortal part.

The snake is 80 feet long, and 5 feet six inches in length, and is a most disgusting-looking creature. A thick slime covers his hideous length, a quarter of an inch thick, which, after being removed, is almost instantly replaced by exudation. The body of this creature is variable in size. The head is about the size of a full-grown calf's; within eight feet of the head, the neck gradually swells up to the thickness of a foot in diameter, which continues for 36 inches, and then tapers down the other way, constantly increasing in size, however, as it recedes from the head, until the body of the monster has a diameter of over four feet in the centre, giving a girth of over six feet. In them tapers off toward the tail, which ends in a point. The tail is flat, and in the shape of a fish; but it is three feet across, or closed in a sheath. Along the belly, from the head to the tail, are double rows of plates, from 8 to 12 inches opposite each other, but alternately placed. The head is a most singular affair. The eyes are very large, white, staring and terrible. Attached to the edge of the upper and lower lids, which are like those of a human being, a transparent film, a membrane is seen, which, while it protects the eye of the animal, does not interfere with its vision. He has no nostrils or gills, apparently. The mouth of this serpent, or whatever it may be, is underneath—in almost the counterpart of the mouth of the fish called a sucker, possessing the same tubular power. Its jaws, when fully extended, are as large as a body of the diameter of a foot or a foot and a half. No teeth can be discovered. A hard, bony substance extends in two parallel lines around the upper and lower part of the head. His color is a dusky brown on the sides and back, and underneath the belly is of a dirty white. In consistency like a snake, but has along its back, and on each side, a row of hard substance, which look like shapes—the largest round four inches from the surface of the body, diminishing from head to tail.

The news of his capture spread like wildfire, and before night hundreds and hundreds of people from the neighboring towns and villages had collected to see this wonder. He lay in the water, an ingenious contrivance of ropes having been placed on him while he was on shore, keeping his body in a curve, preventing him floating away or getting down. He is a most disgusting, but decidedly dangerous. He can use but his head and tail, with which he occasionally stirs up the water all about him for rods. He keeps his head under water, except when he wants to go up for breath, and presents a most fearful aspect. When roaring, he expands his mouth, and exhibits a cavity blood-red, most terrible to look upon. The whaleman contemplate keeping the monster in his present position, until an agent of Mr. Barnum arrives.

Another article in the Republic, of a later date, says:

A number of parties just returned from Silver Lake, agree in saying that our correspondent's description of the snake, or animal, was correct. They say, however, that the snake broke from his fastenings in the shore, and that Mr. Smith's leg was broken in consequence of getting it into a hight of the line as it went out with the snake. They think they can catch him again, for, transplanted as he is with the ropes fastened to him, he cannot long remain under water.

Several ladies are said to have fainted at sight of the monster. On the whole, we are inclined to consider it "very like a whale."

Another Outrage.—In Western Missouri, Rev. W. H. Wiley, preacher in charge of the Harrisonville Circuit, Missouri Conference, was on Thursday, the 3rd instant, arrested on the highway, by a gang of eighteen mounted men, who informed him that he had been accused of preaching abolition doctrines, and circulating abolition documents, and that it was their duty he should go with them to Harrisonville, in order to have the charge investigated. At Harrisonville, a guard of three men was set over him during the night. Next morning he was waited upon by some men who informed him that they had been appointed a committee to search his effects, in order to ascertain if he had abolition documents about him. The work of search was thorough; they examined every article about him, even to reading his private letters, but found nothing to justify the charges made. While this search was going on, a meeting was in progress in the court-house, and after the committee had returned and made their report, Mr. W. was waited upon by another committee, which informed him that he was called for at the court-house.

He went over, accompanied by the committee, and found about two hundred men present. The chairman informed him of the charges against him, and also that the meeting had come to the conclusion to give him seven days to leave the State, and that if he did not, the consequences—whatever they might be—would be upon his own head. Mr. W. made a brief speech to them, in which he informed them, that if he had committed any offence against the laws he was willing to suffer, but protested against their right thus to arraign him before a lawless tribunal. He was told that the great misfortune was that the laws were not strict enough, and that they had taken the law into their own hands.

These facts we gather from Mr. Wiley himself, who is now in this city, he having for the greatest part of the time been in the custody of his friends. He represents the excitement all along the border as being very great.—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week is 326 and two non-Admiss ch, and eight

Clippings.

"Pearls shine may held both silver and gold,
The wealth of a distant strand;
But shape would not, and be valued not,
Were there none to tell the land.
The widest breath and the widest broke
Are rich on the richest feet.
For they gladden the weld broke when they wedm,
And give them food to eat.
And with walking beads, and spade and plough,
The glad ring hour shall come,
When that which is called the 'waste land' now
Shall ring with the 'Harvest Home.'"

☞ The Maidstone (England) Journal, in noticing the local swimming club, containing seventy-one members, first-rate swimmers, has, says—"The first aquatic breakfast is to take place on Monday next, at 8 o'clock, when every member will be requested to partake of the repast in the river."

An aquatic breakfast, we suppose, must consist of cold ducks, although probably every one is allowed to "take a drop" in addition.

☞ We like mischievous children, and for this reason: They are apt to make old men. Good boys generally die in their 6th year; and because they are good, but because their quiet habits make them strangers to mud puddles and oxygen, dirt pies and outdoor exercise. When a friend tells us he has a little baby who "never wants to leave his books," the knell of his friend door immediately becomes an object of intense interest; so, we know, as well as if we some blessed with such forbearance, that in less than a year a strip of black crape will be throwing a shade across his path, that no amount of time will ever eradicate.

☞ A man living in Sidney, Ohio, nearly ninety years old, has a bet pending with a neighbor, that he shall live to be a hundred years of age.

☞ A brother editor had summer complaint the morning heat to remember the following style:—"Hot, hotter, hottest—hotterest, hotteniester, hottestiest—hotterations, hotcistitious—hot as an oven—hot as tee stone—hot as seven ovens—hot!" His sanctum must have been exposed to an afternoon sun, without drought or ventilation.

☞ Paddyism's Law.—One turn will come next. Every dog has his day.—*Southern Democrat.*

If every dog has a day, such a great dog as you are ought to have a week or a month.—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ Pettywaper does not regard prodigy. She did not receive Plato as a noble, but made him an Bonnet.

☞ Advice to Lovers.—In courting and a sweetheart out, In garden, field or fodder; Take just one arm long enough, Then just one long enough.

☞ Old Dr. Foster, who practised in the "healing art," some years ago, was in the habit of cooking up all sorts of roots and herbs into medicines and specifics, and trying them on his wife, and if they did not kill her, he was right for all his other patients.

☞ Not a Pavem.—The Puritan Recorder, in an excellent article on "A Settled Ministry," makes the remark that "An everlasting candidate, with one foot on the ground of his labors, and the other in the stirrup for a new journey to a more inviting field, is not a pavement."

☞ Hon. S. P. Chase.—A witty compliment was paid lately to this distinguished gentleman, by the following *jeu d'esprit* —

My and mount "O, hough O! O, hough O!" kept sighing,
"Oh, who, from my quest, this answer can choose?"
I hesitated a moment, and Echo, replying,
Said—"Chase!"

Then my and hoof, more sweet than lovely, lowing,
Till I cried, "Is what land will you cease your O
Echo hesitated a moment, and replying,
"Chase!"

☞ Parson D——, Orthodox, of Marblehead, Hind a John; so did Parson A——, Baptist. The latter being near the former's house, when a shower came up, called on Parson D——, and requested the loan of an umbrella. "I thought," said Parson D——, "that you liked water." "So I do," said the Baptist, "but I do it to avoid spatterings."

☞ Why is thirty-nine the number of lashes the Christian selects as the maximum for Christian flogging?" asked the Brahmin Poo-Poo of Old Roger. Old Roger thought a moment. The question was a sarcastic one, and conveyed a severe reproof. "I suppose," said he, "it is to keep within the limit of human forty-nine." The Brahmin stroked his long beard, and the long beard on his cap vibrated like a pendulum.—*Boston Post.*

☞ The Best Treat.—Whenever you find yourself in company with a man who is constantly hinting to you to treat, the very best thing you can do is to treat.

☞ Some Gentlemen and joker sent to a gentleman in town the other day, for some seeds of the "pie-plant," which he advertised—requesting precisely six parcels of custard pie-seeds and two of mince pie. The gentleman promptly sent him half-a-dozen good eggs and two blind puppies. The humorous gentleman admitted that the joke was rather against him.

☞ When Bishop Leighton was one day meditating in his own sequestered walk in Dundalane, a widow came up to him and said that it was ordained that he should marry her, for she had dreamed three times that she was married to him. The Bishop answered, very well, whenever he should dream that he was married to her he would let her know, and then the union would take place.

☞ A liquor dealer in a neighboring town has, since the new liquor law went into operation, changed his sign. It now reads something like this: "Notes and drafts negotiated and sold." Is perhaps takes his customers for bank notes and gives in exchange a draft upon a beer barrel.

☞ "These are astonishing feats," said an ardent admirer of the sports of the ring to Mrs. Partington, at the circus last evening. "Astonishing feats!" said the lady, "so they are astonishing feet, and considerable legs, too, to judge at this distance."

☞ A sick man telling his symptoms—which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful—to a medical friend, he, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed: "Charming! Delightful!" The poor man, at last, when he had finished, said, with the utmost pleasure: "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct?"

☞ The origin of the phrase, "riding at a canter," is a curiosity. Some centuries ago, the English were in the habit of making a pilgrimage to Canterbury, to worship at the tomb of some Catholic saint. They rode in procession, on horseback, at a slow gallop. This gait of a horse was afterwards called a "Canterbury gallop," which was finally abbreviated to "canter."

☞ "Edward," said his mother to a boy of eight, who was trundling a hoop in the front yard, "Edward, you mustn't go out of that gate into the street." "No, ma, I won't," was the reply. A few minutes afterwards his mother had occasion to go to the window. To her surprise she saw Edward in the street, engaged in the edifying employment of transferring dirt pies. "Didn't I tell you," said she, sternly, "not to go through the gate?" "Well, I didn't, mother," was the very satisfactory reply, "*I climbed over the fence.*"

☞ Chuff generally arises from treading on a man's corns.

☞ Magnificent Present.—Two beautiful rings, presented by the Emperor and Empress of Russia to Colonel Ashton Dodge, of Hartford, Connecticut, are on exhibition in that city. One of the rings contains diamonds worth $8,000—each containing the cypher of Alexander and wife, set with very minute diamonds in enamel. The shank of one of the rings glitters with numerous petite diamonds.

Extraordinary Decline in Prices.—One week since, hay was sold in the New York market at $25 per ton. On the 15th inst., sales were made in Albany, N. Y., at $12 per ton—a decline of nearly 50 per cent. in two weeks. As a matter of course, the article sold last week, was old hay, while that now offered is the new crop.

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NEWS ITEMS.

Great Statesman.—The Common Council of Fredericksburg, Va., have lately passed the following resolution:

[illegible]

Remarkable Relic.—The Rev. Daniel J. Shore, Roman Catholic Priest, fell from the tower of a church in Taunton, Mass., a few days since, a height of fifty feet, and escaped uninjured. Mr. H. is an elderly man, and weighs 200 pounds!

The Great Unwashed.—Mr. Bunce—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Post says, "Public holidays, generally, have been, and England, is inclined to look upon the days of Sebastopol as substantially a failure, and consequently, the Crimean Fête, a mistake.

The Emperor does not at all concur in this view of the subject. He expresses his opinion strongly to his intimate friends, and, I believe, friends, and maintains that the Allies are marching steadily towards a complete victory over Russia. In one conversation with an English officer, lately, he expresses the his power; pake substantially as follows:

"There never has been a stage of Sebastopol, for the first step to constitute a stage is permanent. The Russian army has been posted at extended line between Simferopol and Sebastopol, its centre being perhaps, at one time, opposite Eupatoria, and at another at Sebastopol. The right wing of the force rests on Sebastopol, or on the right wing of the English troops at Waterloo heated on Heavy ground.

"The Anglo-French army has not been large enough to extend its lines so as to give face to the Russians, so we have occupied an entrenched position opposite their right wing and consequently, while we have been stationary, not budging, this post, we have been constantly outflanked by the Russian left. If there has been a stage at all, it is the Anglo-French army that has been beaten.

"I acknowledge the tactics of the Crimean campaign to be my own projection, and I can, in myself satisfied mainly in the results. The people of France and England were a fact of arms, and perhaps the people of America would applaud another (unclassed) and Moscow. No! France in 1812 crossed the grim steppes and deadly moors of Russia. I will never make Russia traverse her own wilderness to meet me on her frontier. There is not a man who enters the Crimea that has not undergone all we suffered in the retreat from Moscow. There is not a regiment that arrives at Perekop that is not decimated. Whole battalions have been engulfed. The Russian loss, according to their own estimate, rendered in the Emperor Nicholas last December, amounted to two hundred and seventy thousand. The effect troops at that time had not lost one tenth of that figure. I am content to persist the struggle in the Crimea on these terms."

On another occasion he observed:

"A Russian army is not recruited with facility. Men can be had, but not soldiers. The Russian peasantry requires from two to three years' exercise at drill before they are fit for the ranks. We have nearly exhausted the cities of their forces—those which the Czar has taken many years to create. England and France, on the contrary, grow stronger as the struggle proceeds. Our peasantry, in a few weeks, become staunch troops, and the fire of war, which burns slowly at first among our population, increases with fervour."

Again, the Emperor observed:

"It would be folly to inflict merely a wound upon Russia, from which she would soon recover. Let us rather establish a running sore in her side, from which her strength will run out. Schastopol is draining her system. The future will judge my tactics, but the people are too small to see far around them."

It is confidently stated that Louis Napoleon person will command in the forthcoming campaign in Moldavia and Russian Poland.—The new levy of 140,000 is destined for this field of action, and will augmentate the Austrian army of occupation. The object of this campaign will be the creation of a Polish Legion, comprising Volhynia, Poland, and Esthonia. In case Prussia should be induced to side by an Anglo-French army upon her clients. Rhenish provinces and the Baltic fleet, will keep her in check; while Lombardy and Hungary are moved up to block the interference of Austria. The end of all this will be an Empire of Republics. Turkey will be obliterated from the map of Europe, and form a nest of Byzantine States, into which Greece and perhaps Hungary may fall. The last great European war commenced with republicanism and ended with confirmed monarchy; this present struggle commenced with a battle of the monarchy, and will end with confirmed republics.—*N. Y. Daily Times.*

The Sea Serpent Taken.—The Buffalo Daily Republic gives an account of the capture of the great snake which has lately been seen in Silver Lake. Daniel Smith, an old whaleman, saw him, and sent to New York for a harpoon, who brought harpoons, cordage, &c. They watched for him over eight days unsuccessfully. On Sunday he came to the surface, displaying about thirty feet of his body, but only remained a few moments. On Monday morning he reappeared, and was harpooned by Mr. Smith. The whaleman had 1,200 feet of strong whale line, which the natives, in the agents, carried nearly all out. The initial stroke had broken in him. It passed through the muscles of the back, and touched the mortal part.

The snake is 80 feet long, and 5 feet six inches in length, and is a most disgusting-looking creature. A thick slime covers his hideous length, a quarter of an inch thick, which, after being removed, is almost instantly replaced by exudation. The body of this creature is variable in size. The head is about the size of a full-grown calf's; within eight feet of the head, the neck gradually swells up to the thickness of a foot in diameter, which continues for 36 inches, and then tapers down the other way, constantly increasing in size, however, as it recedes from the head, until the body of the monster has a diameter of over four feet in the centre, giving a girth of over six feet. In them tapers off toward the tail, which ends in a point. The tail is flat, and in the shape of a fish; but it is three feet across, or closed in a sheath. Along the belly, from the head to the tail, are double rows of plates, from 8 to 12 inches opposite each other, but alternately placed. The head is a most singular affair. The eyes are very large, white, staring and terrible. Attached to the edge of the upper and lower lids, which are like those of a human being, a transparent film, a membrane is seen, which, while it protects the eye of the animal, does not interfere with its vision. He has no nostrils or gills, apparently. The mouth of this

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Asiatic we have Liverpool dates to Monday the 4th inst.

The news from the siege represents that everything will be prepared for a general assaut in the course of fifteen days.

Reinforcements are forwarded in continuing from paris in front of the French Support.

The advices from the Crimea are to the 20th ult., and assume continued preparations for a grand expedition. All the remnants of the fleet were assembled at Kamiesch.

It was telegraphed from London to Liverpool, on the evening of the 2d, that the mails from the Baltic to the 31st of July had been received. They brought nothing of importance. The determination of a few small batteries at Kotka is announced.

LONDON, Friday evening, Aug. 2.—There was a good deal more to-day than in the funds, followed by a smart Continental rise, and closing at 1 above yesterday's quotations. Government securities have risen to three per cent.

The corn crop of Portugal is abundant. The cholera is prevailing in Oporto.

The Paris correspondent of the Times, writing on the 1st, says:—It is stated this afternoon, that General Lotzing, who had been sent by the French Government to Vienna, as the Austrian Ambassador was to Paris, to form a military convention with Austria, has also returned at the same time that the Austrian General is at Paris, sets out to morrow for Vienna.

His journey is said to be in consequence of an unfavorable reply received by the Emperor Napoleon from the Emperor of Austria, and which latter one, in turn, occasioned by the communication which, as I stated a few days ago, had been addressed by the Empress Dowager of Russia to the Archduchess Sophie of Austria. The same writer adds, on the 2nd:—It is alleged, according to one version, that the Court of Russia has expressed, through the medium of the late Czar's widow, a willingness to accept the proposition of the Western Powers as interpreted by them on the Limitation question.

Another version, to which greater credit is attached, is, that Russia appears to be much more reasonable than Etheria. General Lotzing is said to be the bearer of the Emperor Nicholas's reply to the Emperor of Austria, touching the last phase of the Eastern question.

There is no confirmation of the report of an invasion into Georgia by Schamyl, and Gen. Mouravieff's retreat upon Tiflis.

It is said that the Russian and the French Government had official notification of the suspension of the bombardment of the Malakoff and Redan, on the 9th ult., by mutual consent.

The Viceroy of Egypt is negotiating with the Sublimite to serve in the Crimea.

It was telegraphed from London on Saturday noon, that the siege of Sebastopol was about to be raised; and also, that the Western Powers had received communications from Germany of startling interest.

The fortifications of the Allies are progressing in the Sea of Azoff.

The accounts from Constantinople say that Schamyl had descended the mountains, threatening the retreating movements of the Russians.

In the Baltic there is no alteration in the position of the squadrons.

The Liverpool Northern News says:—

The correspondence carried on between the Emperor Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria is said to relate to new proposals for peace, which, at the instigation of Russia, are made by Austria to the Western Powers.

It is expected that General Regnault St. Jean d'Angely will be recalled. He has again quarrelled with Prince Napoleon, because the latter does not spare the Imperial Guard more than the other troops in the works of the trenches.

The St. Petersburg journals last received contain Prince Gortschakoff's review of the present position of affairs to the 15th of July. The General observes that the besiegers are opening new trenches, raising the height, and increasing the strength of the parapets of their batteries, and opening new embrasures; and that, on the other hand, his loss has been moderate, and that the 7th and 8th were very sanguinary.

The Empress Dowager of Russia will, it is said, accompany the Prince of Prussia on his return to Berlin.

A telegraphic despatch from Warsaw, dated 29th July, says that the Russian Government has taken off the prohibition imposed some time ago, on the importation of wheat from Poland into Austria.

The Russian accounts of recent operations in the Baltic pretend that the bombardment of Nystadt and Ruma, took place under a flag of truce! The same accounts confirm the departure of the Russian army from before Kars, in the direction of Erzerum.

It is stated at Constantinople that Omar Pacha, on his return from the command of the army in Asia, but that the Porte wished him to remain in the Crimea. Omar Pacha had received the highest honors, and there never was any question about his retirement.

The Turkish commissioners, who have returned highly of the treatment they have received at the hands of the Russians.

A Constantinople correspondent of the 19th, in the Times, says that Gen. Pelissier has turned all the newspaper correspondents out of Kamiesch, and sent them to Constantinople. The correspondent adds:—I fear this measure is, that some of them had made public information regarding the works in the lines for the defence of Kamiesch, which ought to have been kept secret.

Rumors that Gen. Pelissier is about to resign, which have already been circulated without foundation, are again current. It is said that he was received by some regiments with cries of "Vive l'Empereur," uttered so distinctly that he was obliged to notice them, and that he told the troops the only cry permissible under arms was "Vive l'Empereur."

Several German papers repeat the important news of the death of the Russian General Totleben. They all speak of Gen. Melnikoff as the successor to an equal rank, charged with the defence of Sebastopol. It is also said that Prince Gortschakoff had sent for to Archbishop of Chersonesus and Taurida to come to Sebastopol in person to make an appeal to the religious zeal of the soldiers.

Mass meetings are still in progress for some terrible blow in which the whole strength of the two great nations, France and England, will be put forth.

News from Sebastopol says the Allies are within forty yards of the ambuscades, palisades, &c., of the Russians in front of the Malakoff. Between the outlines of the Malakoff is a further distance of one hundred and seventy yards, which the Allies must run in making the assault. From the ambuscades and the mouths of the trenches Russians and French shoot each other point blank. This French bayonet may be considered, therefore, as nearly at an end.

Gen. Totleben, the engineer of Sebastopol, is said to have resumed his duties, in spite of the announcement that he had died of his wounds. The fact, however, is still uncertain.

The Allied expedition to the Putrid Sea, to destroy the bridge of Tchongar, over which it has just been discovered that the provisions for the Crimea are sent, has failed. It is perhaps in view of a renewal of the attempt that the French Government has just chartered, at Marseilles, 30 small steamboats, for river navigation, capable of carrying 500 men each. These are to be put on the Crimea, if their trial succeeds. The object of this expedition is kept secret.

Rear Admiral Panflloff has succeeded Admiral Nachimoff in the command of the sailors of the garrison and of the harbor of Sebastopol, with the rank of Russian state, with reference to the death of the Admiral, that he could never be prevailed upon to wear the ordinary soldier's cloak prescribed of late to the officers as a disguise, but always wore his Admiral's uniform, even when he went out on the works to reconnoitre the enemy with his glass. This he did on the evening of July 11, while standing on the Kornilof Bastion, and continued to do so in spite of the remonstrances of those about him. A ball plunged into a sack of earth near him, but in reply to the redoubted commodore of his friends, he only said, "They cannot hit me so badly." A few minutes afterwards he was struck by a bullet in the temple; he was carried off senseless and expired soon after.

In the course of July a great number of German physicians and surgeons have accepted the offer made to them by the Russian Minister of Military Hospitals, and have been promised high salaries.

The Russian Government having ordered an immense quantity of powder to be conveyed from Wilna 45 Versteps, has offered very advantageous terms for that purpose, to the Prussian owners of horses and carts. It engages to allow seven silver roubles per pood (about 36 lb.) or nearly 33 lb. per cwt. The conveyance of powder cargo to deliver the gunpowder in 21 days at Perekop.

The Emperor has conferred on a priest of the name of Jermanowich Johann Sawinoff, the military Order of St. George, 4th class, for the following conduct:—

On the night of the 22d to 23d of March, in last year, the said Sawinoff encouraged and led on his countrymen at the moment when they were wavering under the attack of the enemy before the Kamtschatka Lunette. He appeared among them in his robes, with the cross in his hand, raising the latter, he said, with a loud voice, "Lord, save Thy people! Give our Orthodox Monarch the victory over his enemies!" Under the effect of this exhortation the troops rushed forward again and took the first and second lines of the trenches. He had further been active in conveying to the troops the orders issued to them by their commanding officer; but on doing, the lower part of the crucifix in his hand was shot away, and a bullet passed entirely through his gown.

ENGLAND.—The Queen has sent a message to Parliament asking for additional provisions for the prosecution of the war, which resulted in the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposing the issue of seven millions of Exchequer Bills.

Lord Palmerston, in reply to a question in Parliament touching the British enlistments in the United States, states that in order to prevent all possibility of a difficulty with the American Government, the British Government had stopped enlisting men at Halifax.

Mr. George Brown, at Leamington, on Saturday, 28th ultimo, deprecated any change in the mode of officering the army, for it was precisely because the officers were proficients, that the men were so attached to them. He wished that the Committee of Inquiry had examined some French officers, who had served with the English troops, and they would have found our Allies formed a very different estimate of the merit of our troops from that which had been formed by some of our own countrymen.

An undertaking has been started, under respectable auspices, called the British Sling Company, with a view of carrying out a method patented by Dr. W. H. Smith, of Philadelphia, for converting the dung, or refuse, of our towns, into an inodorous manure, capable of being applied to the various purposes to which dung or manure is at present employed. The capital of the Company is fixed at £150,000, in £5 shares.

A distinguished Polander named Count Zamoyski has arrived in London, having been invited hither by the Government. It is supposed the visit has some reference to the affairs of Poland, now under discussion in diplomatic circles.

FRANCE.—The offer for the French loan amount to 10,000,000 francs.

In consequence of representations made by Count Pracoupy, the French Government and Boards of French Railways have given orders that all British sailors and officers passing through France shall in future be allowed to travel at the very reduced fares for which the French military are conveyed.

Prince Napoleon has just addressed a circular to the Presidents of Chamber of the International Jury, on the subject of the award of recompenses, in which their attention is again called to the following passage in a previous circular:

"Every consideration of origin or of nationality, all remembrance of another recompense, must be set aside by the judges of the universal competition now open."

The Paris correspondent of the Northern Times, under date of the 27th July, says:

Rumors have been current during the last few days of a misunderstanding about Sebastopol having broken out between the English and French Governments; but, on inquiry in the Imperial Government quarters, I find that it amounts to this:—England asked the French Government for its opinion on the question whether, in the event of Sebastopol not falling into the hands of the Allies, before the end of October, it would not be desirable, in order to preserve the troops from the terrible rigors of a Crimean winter, to give up the siege, remove the camps to near Constantinople, and recommence the siege early in the spring on an entirely new plan! The French Government answered that, though the plan suggested was not without its advantages, the withdrawal of the army from the Crimea, without the capture or destruction of Sebastopol, would create such a painful sensation in France that, for its part, it could not think of anything of the kind.

The English Cabinet, which, probably, had no fixed opinion on the point, did not say a word in defence of its question, and the matter dropped.

Persons of Sebastopol, the Government have has given orders for 100,000 warm greatcoats (capotes) to be made in Paris, without delay. This is considered as indication that the Allies will decidedly have to pass the winter in the Crimea. It is clear, however, that wherever the winter be passed great-coats will be required.

The French Government has intimated to all whom it may concern, that it will most decidedly resist any attempt to excite disturbances in Italy. A certain degree of agitation had been remarked of late among the refugees on the continent, as if something favorable was expected to turn up for them, or as if they had reason to hope some important event shortly to take place.

SPAIN.—General O'Donnell had assumed the command of the third battalion of the national militia, and pronounced, on the occasion, a speech, which was greatly applauded by the corps. The theme chosen by the General was Liberty and the throne of Isabel II.

The official Gazette announces that the Government would receive, on the 28th of August next, to deliver the constitution of electoral telegraph from all over Spain.

The rumors that Spain would send a contingent force to the Crimea are considered doubtful. It is reported also that in no doing, she would ask for a territorial guarantee, including Cuba.

French intrigue has broken off the projected marriage of Adelbert of Bavaria with the Spanish Princess.

ITALY.—Our Liverpool correspondent has private advices from Lombardy and Venice indicating that important events are nearly ripe.

The statement that the King of Naples begged for the presence of Austrian troops is contradicted. The rumor is current that Prussia has notified its readiness to suppress insurrectionary movements.

ARMENIA.—Archduke Charles Louis has been appointed Governor of Tyrol. Family influence and intrigue are actively at work. The Austrian Archduchess Sophia, instigated by a letter from the dowager Empress of Russia, has been telling upon the Emperor of Austria in favor of peace, and the latter wrote an autograph letter to Napoleon, who sent General Lotzing with an autograph reply to Vienna. The contents of the letters are profoundly secret.

A letter from Cracow says the Austrian troops have been collected in two masses, one of which is stationed in Bohemia and Moravia, and the other in Styria. The assembling of the Austrian army in Bohemia and Moravia proves that the relations between Austria and Russia are not yet perfectly clear; and, on the other hand, it is true that the troops in the Principalities have been reduced. As to the army in Styria, it is evidently only a reserve for the army of Italy, which has lately been reinforced.

GERMANY.—The King has dissolved the second Chamber of the Hanoverian Diet.

SWITZERLAND.—A slight earthquake has destroyed the village of Visge.

THE BERMAN ASIATIC CAMPAIGN.—ERZEROUM, July 3rd.—Tout-kaba, a village distant about eighteen leagues from Erzerum, containing large stores of provisions for the army of Kars, has been occupied by a Russian division composed of four battalions of infantry, and 2,500 Cossacks, six regiments of cavalry, and eighteen pieces of artillery, in all about 12,000 men.

TREBISOND, July 22nd.—Kalis Pacha left this place for Erzerum on the 19th instant, taking with him volunteers for the army.

In consequence of the disbanding of the Bashi Bazouks, the army of Kars was reduced, as we reported, to 15,000 men. There was a great want of cavalry. The deserters from General Bentson's corps were pillaging the villages of the Dardanelles, and it was said that the gallant General was desirous of sending the men to the Crimea.

The Allies had agreed to permit vessels of commerce to enter the harbor of Kertsch, and to take in cargoes of corn, on condition that they left one third of their freights at such point as should be indicated to them by the Allies.

THE CRIMEA.—July 15.—To-day, heavy firing between the Malakoff and the advanced French batteries.

Last night the Russians made a sortie from the Malakoff on the French working party. The affair lasted nearly an hour, the Russians being repulsed. The French have pushed their works so close to the Malakoff, that a man may throw a stone into the Russian works. The Abattis is described as truly formidable; it is formed of the trunks of oak and beech.

July 16.—Heavy firing last night and this morning; never were both parties more thoroughly in earnest than at present. The engineers work under a heavy fire, with showings of shot and shell is almost incessant; it seems probable that the Russians have an organized system of transport for the supply of ammunition.

The French are sanguine of being able to reach the shipping from the new batteries at the White works. Our batteries near the quarantine house. White Wheat is quoted at 7s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.; Red Wheat, 6s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.; Rye, 4s. 6d.; Oats, 2s. 6d.; Old Flour, 30s. 6d.; White Corn, 5s.; Mixed, 5s. 6d. The market was very dull. The accounts from the crops were fair, though.

PORTUGAL.—Lisbon, Aug. 2.—Stocks, Rentes, and Railways remain quiet. The provinces are in perfect tranquillity.

In half them are more cotton than heretofore. Pork closed at 1 dollar per barrel. Wheat, 1 dollar per bushel. Corn, 1 dollar per bushel.

NAVAL STORES.—In Rosin, similar prices ruled under at to. Rosin, 1 dollar per barrel.

Rice is steady and unchanged.

Freights are dull and nominal.

Freight to Liverpool, Cotton, 1 cent.

Freight to Havre, Cotton, 1 cent.

Freight to Cuba, Cotton, 1 cent.

Freight to Boston, Cotton, 1 cent.

Freight to Philadelphia, Cotton, 1 cent.

Freight to Baltimore, Cotton, 1 cent.

Freight to New York, Cotton, 1 cent

Selected Poetry.

THOSE EYES.

[illegible]

Original Sketch.

THE WAY MY MOTHER DID IT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

I stopped into the dining-room, the other day, and found my sister Scotch help arranging the delf (as she calls it) on the shelves of the cupboard, in a very fanciful manner. The plates all turned upon their edges against the back, and the cups and saucers all turned up, with each a spoon upright, and a spoon inside.

"Why, Ann," I exclaimed, "don't do so; I don't like it."

"It's the way my mither did it, is the old country, ma'am, and I think it's so pretty," she replied, with an earnest, appealing look, and the tears almost rushing from her eyes.

"And my mother taught me to put them up as they were arranged before," said I. "I think you had better replace them."

"Just as ye like," was her answer, in a subdued and rather disappointed tone. "Just as ye like. Everybody likes the ways of a mither, I'm thinking, and he—meaning her husband—and then he began to return them to their places, with ill possible despatch.

My sister lingered here. Old memories were walking in her heart; old memories of days gone by, when in her native land, in the little cottage beside the "bonnie Byrns," she had made the most of her "mither's" scanty table furniture.

She was thinking of the days of her childhood, recalling her lays, among the heather and the blue bells, upon the brae. Of Robin, who came over the moor, and sat by the "ingleside," of a winter evening; of the father, who played the bag-pipe; and the mother, the good, loving mother, that,

> "With her needle and her shears,
> Gave auld clothes look smart as weel as new."

And all unconsciously, purchasers, had her hands piled up the delf, in fantastic rows. And I had beside her sleep. Already I was sorry for the sudden, so deep and holy a feeling, in my mind, to the love and reverence for a mother.

"Never mind, Ann," said I; "never mind, put them up to suit yourself, to-day, and another time I will have them my way."

"Will I, then?" said she, turning to me, with a face beaming with smiles and thankfulness, while her eyes were almost swimming in tears. "Will I, then? All the day long, as go there, I'll be thinking of my mither, and I'll work all the better for ye, for thinking of her. For she taught me many a lesson to be true from those I wrought for. It's true a small thing, to be sure, but it does my heart good, now and then, to be following her ways. For, somehow, I think that she never taught me a wrong thing."

I turned away. There were old memories tugging at my heart-strings, too, awakened by this simple incident, which had taught me, in one moment, more of the deep, earnest nature of the girl, than months of the common round of daily duty. Who that has had a mother, gentle and kind, that does not love, now and then, "to be following her ways?"

Had I succeed at those ways, and touched rudely and roughly that vibrating chord of affection, would Ann have loved me, and gone on with a cheerful, willing heart with my work? Would her step have been light, and her song plaintive, yet cheerful, through all the day—if I had crushed those uppermost memories of a joyous time, by forbidding her this innocent display of individualism?

Much is written, and much more talked, of the worthlessness of blood girls. And how shall we remedy evils? is the question every-where echoing in our ears. Much, too, is written and talked, of the tyranny and harshness of employers.

There is wrong on both sides. There are many very worthless girls, heartless and unfaithful. Many mistresses of the same stamp. But there are those who are strong, and brave and true, who, through circumstances compel them to fill a subordinate position, have hearts and minds that would grace any station in life. Who shall measure the value of kindness to them? The sympathetic word in their lonely condition; the smile of encouragement on the platform, day and then, to that earnest feeling of spontaneity, that asks an utterance in every true soul. A word, a look may bind them to us, and make them fast friends in our hour of need. Aye, 10? Them up—take their first from the misty "slough of despond," and place them upon the rock of patience and forbearance, and send them onward and upward in the way of duty. A word, and a look, too, may utterly discourage them, by tearing away the delicate tendrils of hope and trust, which have been clinging and reaching upward for a higher and better life. And they will fall prostrate, trampling all that is beautiful in their nature among the noisome weeds at their feet, with no hand to lift them up, no heart to sympathize with their earnest longing, or to support their feeble efforts.

They are lost. Lost to themselves, to good-ness and to God, but rose to the world around them. For while they grovel, as reptiles will they fling others down to a level with themselves, and society in generations to come, may feel through its members the wrong done by a word unfitly spoken.

By a single class of persons hold the comfort of families so much in their own hands as that called "servant girls." If the lady in the kitchen is out of tune there is little harmony in the household. A little patient kindness may rather all matters; a little petulance, thoughtlessness, pride or contempt may make all dismal and darkness.

Before encouraging by to cultivate the good and root out the evil. Respect their rights as you would have your own respected, remembering that for rights are not granted as the right of our own daughter, our horse, and our own sweet

Scenes Everywhere.

Mr. Theophilus Jones, believing that one day his Dear will be placed in the Crystal Palace, gets into a long pillow-case, and practice the effect.

memories clustered away in our holy of holies—the heart, where no stranger can enter rudely, or with the sneer of contempt, and not raise within us antagonism, disgust or dislike.—Their sweet and pleasant memories are as dear to them at the threshold of our own—and which, if roughly handled, simply through they may be, cause them to feel that we are enemies and not friends—spite upon their inner life, and they will be very apt to treat us accordingly. Oh! there are rights higher and holier than those appertaining to dollars and cents. There is a justice which is not weighed by pounds and ounces, or measured by hours and minutes. Thousands may be just, so far as a contract goes, living by truly to the very article, yet each and every one be subject to the true life, subject to all the better feelings of the soul.

The employer who would obtain a dollar from the pocket of a servant, would demand and receive the severe release of every honest heart. Yet how many take from there in their employ, without a thought of wrong, that which is more valuable than silver or gold, their hours of leisure and rest, curtail their innocent enjoyment by useless and selfish exactions, wound their feelings without a cause, and humble and embarrass them with thoughtless impertinence; which pierces as deeply and painfully the heart on which it is laid, as the like treatment from a superior would their own. Many a servant girl is superior to her mistress, has more true refinement of feeling, more generous impulses, more purity of heart, all uncultivated though she may be. It should be the constant effort of those who become forward, to note every spark of intellect, and warm and cheer it into life, that the world may have the benefit of its light and truth. For that which is but a glow-worm speck today, may be a brilliant star to-morrow; growing brighter and brighter, as the years roll on, through all the ages of eternity.

Selected Articles.

SMOKING IN THE EAST.

Smoking occupies nearly nine tenths of an Eastern life; men of all nations, all races, of every language, and of every amount of education, follow this universal custom. In Constantinople, everybody smokes his tchibouk, narghile, and cigarette; from the youngest to the oldest, from the highest to the lowest grade of society, men and women, gentle and simple, [illegible] transacting business, writing, reading, or walking; all smoke, (twenty or thirty times a day, at shorter or longer intervals, greater or smaller clouds of smoke. But the king of smokers—he who, without his pipe, would consider life a slavery, enjoyment a misery, and supreme rule an insupportable burden—is the Osmanli, the Turk, of pure race, the legitimate descendant of Mohammed. Poor Osmanli! If the Russians had conspired to destroy all his tubes of cherry-tree, walnut, rosewood, or jasmine—his perfumed and opiate tobacco, and his magnificent jewelled, enamelled, or carved amber mouth-piece—he would more willingly have abandoned his European Empire to the *Giaour peerenak*; anything but deprivation of the supreme delight of his tchibouk, the companion of his life.

The kief! What is the kief? It is unknown in England, where men labor perpetually, and think and act incessantly. It consists in doing nothing—thinking of nothing. When you see a man or a woman reclining languidly on a soft near the window, and looking far into the blue distance of the sea or open country, when in your walk, you observe an individual, half concealed under a verdant tree, near a river or fountain, or on the sea shore; or when you discover him, indolently resting on a carpet, amidst the thick foliage of his garden, or the dark cypresses of a cemetery, and he remains motionless, so that life is only discovered by the exhalation, at regular intervals, of the smoke of his tchibouk, the mouthpiece of which rests lightly between his lips—you would say he is making his kief. Opium is often in his tobacco, a glass of raki is sometimes before him; but in this case, the kief is profound. Coffee above, served in a small cup, capable of holding two or three sips of the precious draught, makes part of the solemnity—then smoke, nothing but smoke. Romance for the time it lasts—one hour at least—motion and life; deprive the mind of all thought, and the body of all action; merge yourself into nothingness; neither see nor speak, but look vacantly on nature, and the smoke rising from the pipe—these are the qualities indispensable for those who dedicate themselves to the worship of the kief. This lethargic contemplation of the body, this wandering or nonexistence of the soul four or five times a day, is the greatest enjoyment of Mussulman life. It is to the Turk an abstraction from life to an existency which few pleasures can equal, and no joys surpass, unless it be those of Paradise, promised by the Prophet to the true believer.

The Turk fought resolutely to procure this solemn state of lethargy and sleep-waking, for among no people was the introduction of tobacco opposed with so much rigor as among the Turks. It was in 1605, in the reign of the Sultan Ahmed, that the Dutch, who had for some time taken a portion of the commerce of the East from the Venetians, brought the plant to Constantinople, and produced a new enjoyment for the conquerors of the proud Bosphorus. History relates that they gave themselves up to the habit of smoking with such an excess of satisfaction, that the mufti, thinking he perceived in the intoxication produced in those unaccustomed to its use, the same effects as when, inspired a *fatwa* against the inventor. This decree caused general dissatisfaction. It was urged that tobacco could not, like wine, deffle, as the smoke did not remain in the body; and as it had not been prohibited by Mohammed, the mufti had no right to be more severe than the Prophet. The mufti put forth various prophecies, and endeavored to prove them authentic, in which tobacco was stigmatized, and those who had introduced it were denounced as false prophets, exposed to Allah's wrath. These discussions only increased the general desire to taste, and caused the indulgence to be more generally used; but the mufti insisting on the execution of his fatwa, a popular insurrection ensued, in which even the troops, janizaries, and officers of the seraglio took part; and the mufti, to restore public tranquillity, was obliged to revoke his command. Then tobacco, spite of prophets, fired its incense in Turkey, spread through the whole Empire with the utmost rapidity; was naturalized, and soon attained a high state of perfection, as the soil was found to be eminently favorable for its cultivation. From that time the Turks have maintained that it is impossible to live without it; and a pipe of tobacco and a cup of coffee are indispensable in making a present in due form.—*Chambers's Journal.*

☞ VERY UNACCOUNTABLE.—It is strange that ladies, who are so fond of new dresses should eagerly reject a nice new muslin robe for one that is more (muslin) antique.

☞ LIFE appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity, or registering wrongs.—*Carrer Bell.*

HISTORIC COINCIDENCES.

At the threshold of the majestic Cathedral of Old Testament Prophecy, it is well to pause and cast a glance at ten forms upon the pageant of classic history. Nothing is more agreeable than unexpected coincidences. Nothing is more instructive and refreshing than the bringing together, by the sudden discovery of long-dividing lines, personages hitherto supposed to be utterly disconnected. Especially is this the case where we discover that individuals with whom we are actually acquainted, but whom we have never thought of as in any way allied, are not only contemporaries, but as associated in the drama of the past, that once advised of the fact, we can never come to remember it, and to see a certain lumining thereto.

For instance, while we are reading of the reign of good King Asa, in the Old Testament, we never think of such a thing as classic literature, and the glorious bards of Greece.—Yet, according to the Parian marbles, the great Homer was then in his career, journeying, as poets and historians were wont, in quest of knowledge, singing his songs and inditing his chronicles.

So, during the reign of Jehoshphat, while Ahab and his Tyrian bride were dominating in Israel, we never think of Homer as a living contemporary. We never imagine him travelling, harp in hand, through Greece—calling from isle to isle through the sunny Egean, floating on the inland sea of the inundating Nile to the very base of the Pyramids—studying with the Priests of Egypt—or perhaps seeking wisdom in the schools of India and Babylon—nay, possibly, wandering along the classic shores of Phenicia, whence came the seeds of classic learning—and visiting the temples of Tyre and Sidon.

Yet it is not a very improbable idea that Homer may have sang to Jezebel on the high places of Samaria, or to Athaliah on the high places of Judah. Homer may, perchance, have seen the bulwarks of Zion, and his eye kindled as he beheld the splendors of Solomon's Temple.

Whether Hesiod and Homer ever visited Phenicia or not, it is interesting to associate them with this era just before the coming of Isaiah and his compeers, and just after the quiescence of the harp of David—while its sublimest echoes were yet tremulous on the hilltops of the oriental world. Greece, classic Greece, the joy of all scholarly hearts, was then beginning to be, and the famous era of the Olympiads was just about to commence!

[illegible] groupings and associational tableaux. Historians not particularly imbued with reverence for the Bible, and drinking all their inspiration at classic fountains, have been wont to run history back into fabulous ages—simply because classic authorities did so before them—Hence many people have a confused idea of ancient States as coming down somehow out of dense fogs and chaos, in which all true succession is confounded, and classic literature is imagined to be oldest, poliest, best.

To such bewildered minds it may be useful to see Homer and Hesiod schoolboys at the feet of David, and Greek Olympiads beginning to be counted when the Hebrew monarchy was past its meridian. It would be insanely interesting, if we were able to point out the connections between sacred literature and profane, guished man. Among the more interesting instances the names of Hazlitt and Charles Dickens are often quoted. The latter is described by his old colleagues as having been as excellent in this, his first literary attempt, as he has since proved himself to be in the higher walks wherein he won his fame.

Members have sometimes complained of the way in which their speeches are reported, but in truth the speakers owe a debt of gratitude to those who place their speeches before the public dressed in all the graces of oratory and grammar. The words as they are *uttered* and the same as they are printed, are often a curious improvement one upon the other. All the stutterings, and stammerings, and repetitions are omitted; the argument, the illustrations, and the facts being alone preserved.

When the New Times was started, a part of their plan was to report the Parliamentary debates *verbatim*; this was commenced, but it is said that within a week the proprietors were threatened with actions for burlesquing the speeches of honorable M. P.'s. The printing of harangues as they were spoken rather than as they were intended to have been spoken, was unendurable, and verbatim reports were abandoned.

WHAT CAN WOMEN DO?—We learn that Miss Pellet travelled on horse and mule back in the mountains five hundred and fifty miles, and held twenty-two temperance meetings in *eighteen days!* The counties where this was done, Shasta, Sierra and Siskiyou, are among the most mountainous counties in California. The weather from the first to the twentieth of June is near the hottest of the season. Onward went the cold water woman in the blazing sun, on mule and horseback, painfully creeping up the burning sides of the mountains, through the dreary dusty way, for five hundred and fifty miles, so glad to meet the miners as to meet the cool stream in the glen, so refreshing the talk of Temperance as a drink of cool water to the thirsty traveller; and talking once, and sometimes twice, and even three times a day! Well, what is the woman about! She has no remarkable gift of utterance, nor any peculiarly grand terms or ideas to advance. She preserves her lady-like personal manner, and uses no words like a ——— man! The poetry is in her deeds. That course of nearly of 550 miles was the working out of a prodigious final, and the memory, however broken, whether a mule pace, a hobble, a trot, or run, did better than most poetry; it got people to temperance meetings. It was a moving moonwave sunbeam! How this great work poem will end, we can't tell. We have not the gift of prophecy and what is human is so uncertain that we will await "time's unerring test." We hope the poem will go on, that the glorious ideal which struggles out in such labors may come to embrace the vision of truth and humanity.—*California Ch. Advocate.*

A SCORCHING RAIN.—Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, relates the following, which occurred in his presence lately at Baden, in Germany: "At this juncture we were joined by an English party, when the subject-matter brought under discussion was bathing. 'I take a cold sponge-bath every morning when at home,' said John Bull. 'So do I,' retorted Brother Jonathan. 'Winter and summer,' continued the Englishman. 'My system exactly,' responded the Yankee. 'Is your weather and water cold?' queried John Bull. 'Right chilly,' continued Jonathan. 'How cold?' continued John. 'So cold that the water all freezes as I pour it down my back, and settles upon the floor in the shape of ball!' responded the Yankee, with the same cunning twinkle of the eye. 'Were you in the next room to me in America?' he continued, 'and could hear me as I am taking my sponge-bath of a cold winter's morning, you would think I was pouring dry bones down my back.' The Englishman shrugged his shoulders, as with a chill, and marvelled."

[illegible]

Wit and Humor.

POEM COMPOSED IN PRISON.

If I was a Purdue hum a Bank,
I shouldn't be workin' at this are Crank;
For one and one Pun a Gun's no more,
Oh, don't I wish we were called a Firm!

In that same Prige a Saucepan made,
Though some is in the was conveyed;
But Jurnas finds they can't convert,
And Justice's made them out a sort.

Now, you or I, we finke a bill,
And for which we gets the Crank or Mill,
It may be yours to the 'ville we goes;
It may be for horse, prapes—who knows?

But beate the 'ville we never should go,
Providing we was a Banker's Clerk,
Some of our 'ents pock'ts the larks
Or lerve so many a Gent's strong box.

If a Parson treated us with his Ducks,
And we sold 'em and sock'd the hole proceeds,
The Reverend Beer would be jolly green,
But the Lawe would make it all serene.

Our why?—this case is course would be
Brought into the Court of Bankruptcy,
Yes; we should have only to make a clean breast,
And couldn't be hurt—we'd a Lord protect.

To good purposes we want for debt,
And just a few months cleared to get,
Without 'tod labor seem' confined,
To which a cove might be reconciled.

Here am I, legg'd for forty mob,
I've got serve jiggs for that into job;
I wish I was a Banker's Clerk, I wish I was,
And I shouldn't be locksin' this 'ere crank.

—*London Punch.*

HI! HI! WHAT'S THE NEWS?—When travelling, Roquelaire used a very mean equipage, and dressed in a very shabby manner. Passing through Lyons in this guise, he was observed by the bishop of the diocese, who was afflicted with an insatiable appetite for news. The bishop, seeing a strange traveller of mean appearance, thought he had only a plebeian to deal with, and vainting to gratify his ruling passion, cried out:

"Hi! hi!"

Roquelaire immediately desired his postillion to stop, and the curious prelate advancing to the carriage, demanded:

"Where have you come from?"

"Paris."

"What is the cart reply.

"Things more fresh in Paris?"

"Green peas."

"But what were the people saying when you came away?"

"Vespers."

"Goodness, man! who are you? What are you called?"

"Ignorant and moderated people call me hi! hi! but gentlemen term me the Duke de Roquelaire. Drive on, postillion!"

The Duke passed on, leaving the astounded bishop gaping after the carriage.

NOVEL POWERS OF INCUBATION.—In Massachusetts, last year, a new Bird Law was passed, protecting all "useful birds" from the deadly fowling-pieces, and also prohibiting the taking alive of singing or ornamental birds, such as Robins, Red-winged Blackbirds, Golden Orioles, Yellow Birds, Grosebeaks, Sparrows, and Robert O'Lincolns, vulgarly called Bob-o'-Links. It was thought that this would save the few birds remaining in the vicinity of cities, but such does not appear to be the case. The bird fanciers, being old birds, are not to be caught with chaff. A man named Fowler—appropriate name that, for a bird fancier—was arraigned before the Boston Police Court, upon a charge of having certain Bob-o'-Links in his possession; but he was discharged, on the ground that it was "necessary to prove that the birds had actually been outraged, as Mr. Fowler might *have hatched them himself.*" With this quasi compliment to the somewhat novel powers of incubation possessed by Mr. Fowler, the sitting magistrate dismissed the case, the philanthropic complainant ascertained that he had discovered a mare's nest, and the poor Bob-o'-Links were still debarred from the enjoyment of their liberty, a writ of *ne exeat* staring them in the eye.

A SPIRY ANECDOTE.—The Mercure Francais relates a spicy anecdote of Bonapartie, which the correspondent avers has not hitherto been noticed. One day the Emperor Paul being surrounded by a large circle of Russian Princes, addressed the Count Rostopchin as follows:

"How happens it, Count, that you have not the title of Prince?"

"Will your imperial majesty permit me to tell you the true reason?" responded Rostopchin.

"Certainly," said the Emperor.

"It was," resumed the Count, "because my ancestor, on his first arrival from Tartary at your court, came in the winter time."

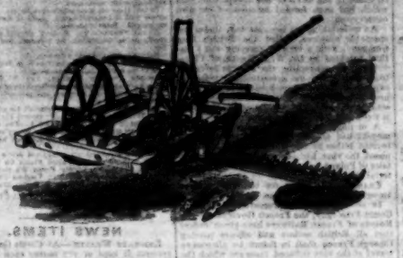
"And what had that to do with the question?" asked Paul.

"Why, your majesty," replied the Count, "is that day it was the custom to offer every new comer the title of Prince, or a fur pelisse, and my ancestor being a man of sense, preferred a warm coat to an empty title."

The joke took, and the mad Emperor laughed heartily.

"TOO FUNNY MA."—A good joke is told at the expense of one of our church-going citizens, who is the father of an interesting family of children, and among them a bright-eyed boy numbering four or five summers, the pet of the household, and unanimously voted the dreadest little mischief alive. On Saturday night he had been bribed to keep peace and retire an hour earlier than usual, with the promise that on the morrow he might go with the family to church. On Sunday morning it was found inconvenient to put the youngest through the regular course of washing and dressing necessary for his proper appearance at the sanctuary, and the family slipped off without him. They had not, however, more than become comfortably seated in their pew, when in walked the youngest with nothing on but a night wrapper and a cloth cap. "You forgot me," said he in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the church. The feelings of the parents can be more easily imagined than described.—*Lafayette (Ind.) Journal.*

Agricultural.



FISK RUSSELL'S MOWING MACHINE.

This Machine for which a Patent has been secured, consists of a square frame mounted on two wheels, one of them being a heavy cast iron wheel, from which the motive power is derived; the other, a secondary wheel, placed in the opposite side of the frame, and forward of the main wheel, for the purpose of supporting that side of the frame, preventing the heavy drag of the knife-bar on the ground, and effectually obviating the side-draft of the machine. In connection with this secondary wheel, is an apparatus for elevating or depressing the knife-bar. By means of a lever, the driver, while sitting on the machine, may in an instant raise the knife bar to the height of fifteen inches. It is then passed over stones or other obstacles without changing the course of the team, and at the proper moment is lowered to its former position. The same apparatus admits of the knife-bar being firmly fixed at any desired point, so that the knives may cut at different heights—leaving the stubble at such lengths as the peculiar surface of the ground, or other circumstances, may render expedient. Motion is given to the knives by means of a cam-wheel, placed on the main shaft with the pinion connected with the main wheel, requiring only one set of gear to obtain any desired number of vibrations of the knives, from thirty-six to forty-eight, to one revolution of the main wheel, thereby making it very easy to graduate the speed of the knives to the natural walk of any horse. Each knife is placed upon the knife-bar independent in itself, moving on a centre pivot by means of an iron rod passing under, and attached to the back end of the knives, giving them an oscillating motion, and affording a drawing, circular cut. The knives are double—that is, they have a cutting edge at each end, and by removing the cap which secures them in place while at work, any one can be removed and another substituted in its place, or the cuts can be reversed, when one edge becomes dull. This is equivalent to having a double set of knives always in readiness, to be used without loss of time, as may be necessary. The teeth are so constructed that the driver may stop and start his team at pleasure in the heaviest grass, without backing the machine to clear the knives, or get motion to the knives before striking the grass. The machine makes a carriage of *land*, and is moved with as much ease and convenience from place to place as a common horse cart.

GREEN MANURING.

The practice of restoring fertility to exhausted soils, by laying down to pasture for several years, and the advantage to succeeding green crops, from the introduction into the rotation of deep-rooted seeds, or even clover mown and carried off the field, illustrate the manner in which green crops are beneficial as manures. It is evident, that if such crops did not return to the soil more other elements than those which they found there, no length of time under green crops would restore fertility to an impoverished soil; but, that on the contrary, under the constant abstraction of phosphates in the bones, and of valuable organic elements in the flesh, fat, and blood, of animals deprastured upon it, deterioration would take place. But the practice of green manuring, is one ascertained by the authority of experience, as well as theory. In the instance of stems and roots of clover crops, of deep-rooted seeds, we receive the advantage of a green manure, the value of which, in promoting the growth of oats and wheat, is well understood by every farmer. Perhaps from no single crop do we receive more benefit, or receive in greater advantage than from this. Without it, the alternate system of green and grain cropping cannot be effectually carried out. The green sod when ploughed and furrow pressed, offers a firm and compact bed for the seed, and furnishes by its gradual decay, a continued supply of food for the wheat plant through every stage of its growth. But green manuring, if we except the case of clover, is not common in this country. In certain localities, sea-weed is collected and applied in its fresh state, and in occasional instances, the tops of turnips, potatoes, &c., are ploughed into the soil, instead of being carried to the dung heap or, as is most usual, being permitted to decompose upon the surface of the land. But in other farms the practice as yet appears to be hardly recognized in this country. The above extracts are from the transactions of the Horticultural Society, Hampshire of Agric.

TREES OR ANIMALS.—In breaking or managing a horse, however intractable or stubborn his temper may be, preserve your own. Almost every fault arises from ignorance. Be patient with him; teach and coax him, and in time he is certain. There are tricks, however, which are the result of confirmed habit or viciousness, and these, sometimes, require a different treatment. A horse accustomed to marting and running away may be effectually cured, by putting him to the top of his speed on such occasions, and running him till pretty well exhausted.

A horse that had a trick of pulling his bridle and breaking it, was at last reduced to better habits by tying him tightly to a stake driven on the brink of a deep stream, with his tail pointing to the water; he commenced pulling and tugging, and suddenly parted, over the bank he tumbled, and after a somerset or two, and floundering awhile in the water, he was satisfied to remain at his post in future, and break no more bridles.

A ram has been cured of butting at everything and everybody by placing an unrelenting dog in a similar position, the sudden assault on a watery day then resulted in tumbling his ramship into a cold bath, which his improved manners took good care to avoid in future.

A sheep-killing dog has been made too much ashamed ever again to look a sheep in the face, by tying his kind leg to a stout ram on the brow of a hill, while the flock were quietly feeding at the bottom. The ram being free and in haste to rejoin his friends, tumbled and thumped master Tray so sadly over the stones and gullies, that he was quite satisfied to confine himself to cooked mutton thereafter.

Man's reason was given him to control "the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air" by other means than force. If he will bring this into play, he will have no difficulty in meeting and overcoming every emergency of perverse instinct or bad habit in the dumb things by his superior cunning.

GROWING BARLEY TO GREAT PERFECTION.—Balance being general favorites, and grown in some cottage gardens, I beg to submit to their admirers a system for very much improving their flowering. I sow the seed in March, put singly into small sixty-pots, and when the plants begin to show bloom-buds, I select the best, rejecting all the inferior, and with a pair of grape-scissors clip off all the blossoms very close to the pot, taking care not to cut them off close to the flowers or buds, thereby leaving as much of the flower-stalk to the plant as possible. I then shift them into larger pots, and place them in their former situation. By these means, the plants throw up their lower branches to great perfection. If the flowers are allowed to remain on the plants as they appear, they injure their growth, and still remain separate; and, being hid by the leaves, are prevented from being seen to advantage. If my method be adopted, the plants will require shifting again in a fortnight, only then clipping off the flowers, but leaving the buds, and in a short time they will be entirely covered with one complete mass of flowers, for where the flowers were clipped off they will throw out three for one; the plants also grow double the strength of those treated the usual way. To prolong the flowering season, I take off both seed-vessels and flowers as soon as they begin to fade.—The new flowers are produced in succession for a considerable time.—*Horticultural Cabinet.*

STEAM PLOUGHS AND OVERTAKERS.—The English farmers, chagrined that the Yankees stepped in, and, as they say, stole the idea of a grain-reaper from them, and now reap all the honors, are determined not to be caught napping a second time. The leading English agricultural journals are discussing the matter, with a good deal of spirit, and liberal prizes are offered for the most successful steam cultivator. One, of a thousand dollars, is to be awarded at the next meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society. What are American mechanics doing towards applying steam to the soil tilling? Here is a fine field for some one. Steam, and not animal muscles, is speedily to become the moving power before cloud breakers, and the man who first successfully yokes the steam-chest to the plough, will reap a rich harvest. Notwithstanding the present interest awakened abroad, we predict that that man now lives on this side of the Atlantic.—*N. Y. Times.*

☞ One of the New York aldermen complains of some other member of the city government that "he is a ——— snake; he'll not steal himself, nor let us steal."

For Housekeepers.

TOMATO PIE.

The following communication is from a correspondent in Omro, Wisconsin:—

MR. EDITOR SATURDAY EVENING POST:—I give you some directions which I have never seen in print, for preparing tomatoes:—In the first place, I begin to pick my tomatoes before they are ripe, and pare and slice, and put in one-third or one-half as much pie-plant as I have tomatoes; I add a little water and sugar, and let them scald up for five; I then make a piece of those, sprinkling as much more sugar as I think they need, using nutmeg and butter as I do on green apples. When the tomatoes used are ripe, I scald, and take the skin off, stew, and season with sugar and nutmeg, if I wish to use with bread and butter; if I wish to use with meat and potatoes, I season with vinegar, butter, pepper and salt, (some use sugar, as prepared the last mentioned way, but I prefer without.) I also use them after they are ripe for pies, prepared the same as apples. When I preserve, I use lemon with the tomatoes.—*Wisconsin Farmer.* GILMAN LOUIRD.

BRASS FROM COPPER OR LEMON GOODS.—Take one pound of chloride of lime (bleaching powder,) and put into a gallon of cold water, stir it well for a few minutes, and allow it to settle. Pour off the clear liquor, and keep it in tightly corked bottles. Stained clothes—linen or cotton—after being washed free from lime from grease, by dipping the stained parts in this chloride of lime, the same stains to be removed quicker, safer, and with far less trouble than by any other known means. In the laundry, this fluid should be kept in a large stone-ware or glass vessel. It should be large enough to dip in the articles to be washed, and entirely to take the liquor, when no harm will result if they lie for some hours. A careful laundress should also have a vessel of very diluted sulphuric acid, to dip the articles of clothing in, after they are taken out of the chloride, and washed. The clothes should be well rinsed, using three waters afterwards. This is a bleaching process, nearly the same as that practiced in bleach works. A little of the salts of oxalic acid put on an iron stain, and then a little water poured on it to dissolve it, will remove the stains very quickly, without injury to the cloth. Our readers may place the utmost reliance on what we have said; we are acquainted, chemically, with the whole process; oxalic and sulphuric acids are poisons, and should be kept out of reach of children. It is very difficult to remove stains from woolen goods. If the woolen cloth is white, some sulphuric acid in very hot water may remove it, if it is an iron stain. It may also remove it without injury from a cochineal shawl, but such jobs should be left to the dyer. We only recommend the above process of cure for white linens. If our advice, a number of friends employed it in their families, and are delighted with it.—*Genesee Farmer.*

METHOD OF PRESERVING FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.—A great deal of mystery has been made of this simple matter, and it is generally supposed that the process is known only to the initiated.

With a good air-tight can, the simple agent in the work is heat, and it is only necessary to know what degree of heat is required, and how to apply it.

The common mode is to fill the can with fruit and not it in a vessel of boiling water, letting it remain until the fruit is thoroughly heated through, say from half an hour to two hours or an hour, and then seal up. This mode is objectionable on account of the time required and shrinkage of the fruit, leaving the can about two thirds full, by which the use of one-third (or four cans out of every dozen) is lost.

The most convenient, certain and expeditious method is to prepare fruit, either with or without sugar, as it may be immediate use, put it in a preserving kettle or open vessel (with a small quantity of water when necessary to prevent scorching,) and let it remain over the fire until it comes to the boiling point—then fill the can and seal it up immediately.

DIRECTIONS FOR SEALING.—Fill one can at a time with the boiling fruit, put on the cap, press it to its place, until you fill the groove around it with the melted composition, pour a little cold water on the top of the can to chill the wax; then set the can in cold water, and let it remain until cool; when taken out, hold it to the ear, and if there be any imperfection in the can, the air will be heard forcing itself in.

The Riddler.

ARITHMETICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 1, 5, 13, 20, 4, was one of the greatest of Britain poets.

My 2, 6, 4, 3, 13, 15, 9, 18, was an empire in Africa.

My 3, 4, 17, is a scientific man.

My 4, 5, 6, 7, 16, 17, 18, 19, is a star of the first magnitude in the constellation Lyra.

My 5, 16, 4, 3, 15, was a celebrated botanical painter, and was a friend of Linnæus.

My 6, 7, 11, 16, 4, 9, is a guest of the chief sachem of some Indian.

My 7, 1, 16, 20, 9, was an able Spanish naval officer.

My 8, 3, 2, 9, 4, 15, 19, was the name of four kings of Bagdad.

My 9, 8, 16, 3, is a county in Illinois.

My 10, 1, 3, 7, 16, is a delicate fish.

My 11, 6, 16, 3, 4, was the greatest of French artists.

My 12, 7, 3, 9, 15, 16, is a planet of the fifth size on Jupiter's orbit.

My 13, 3, 4, 6, 16, 9, is a cape on the coast of the island of Sicily.

My 14, 3, 4, 6, 16, is a weight.

My 15, 3, 4, 11, is the name of love.

My 16, 4, 16, 17, 18, was one of the greatest men of the Revolutionary Era of 1776.

My 17, 4, 16, 3, was a Swedish botanist, philosopher and chemist, and a distinguished geologist.

My 18, 4, 3, was a Swedish botanist, philosopher and chemist, and a distinguished geologist.

Pine Woods, Natchitoches, La. LEZIER J——.

CONSONANTISTIC ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 1, 2, 14, 18, 19, 10, 3, was a member of Congress in 1776.

My 2, 3, 20, 13, 19, 20, was a member of Congress in 1777.

My 3, 7, 20, 13, 19, 20, was a member of Congress in 1778.

My 4, 7, 14, 15, 3, 1, 2, was a member of Congress in 1779.

My 5, 10, 20, 9, was a member of Congress in 1779.

My 6, 8, 16, 19, 3, 20, 19, was a member of Congress in 1781.

My 7, 6, 20, 15, 13, 3, 1, was a member of Congress in 1777.

My 8, 16, 1, 5, 6, 3, 13, 19, 20, was a member of Congress in 1780.

My 9, 16, 1, 6, 3, 13, was a member of Congress in 1784.

My 10, 9, 20, 13, was a member of Congress in 1784.

My 11, 19, 20, 19, 20, 1, was a member of Congress in 1787.

My 12, 3, 7, 4, 1, was a member of Congress in 1788.

My 13, 8, 6, 1, 16, 3, 20, was a member of Congress in 1787.

My 14, 10, 3, 6, was a member of Congress in 1788.

My 15, 1, 4, 6, 19, 20, 7, was a member of Congress in 1789.

My 16, 3, 4, 6, 19, 9, was a member of Congress in 1789.

My 17, 7, 4, 11, 10, 3, 1, was a member of Congress in 1792.

My 18, 20, 3, 1, was a member of Congress in 1794.

My 19, 3, 1, 7, 15, 20, 10, 19, 15, is a division of the United States settled in 1862.

My 20, 3, 13, 9, was a member of Congress in 1796.

My whole was an officer in the American Revolution.

S C C

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 1, 6, 25, 12, was one of the poems, masterpieces of lore!

My 2, 7, 19, 26, 32, 35, was a poetic interval by Vincent.

My 3, 13, 24, 4, is the name of a celebrated Greek poet.

My 5, 7, 11, 6, 36, 7, was a King of England.

My 6, 8, 15, 36, 14, 36, was a celebrated philosopher.

My 9, 29, 30, 27, 6, 4, a golden production.

My 10, 11, 27, 13, is much used in my whole.

My 11, 5, 11, 32, is what we should all do.

My 12, 4, 36, 7, is a division of a city.

My 13, 10, 5, 36, is a measure.

My 17, 29, 36, 2, 11, 5, is the name of a tribe of Indians.

My 20, 15, 1, 17, is a city in Ireland.

My whole is the name and location of an industrial establishment in the Southern States.

LAWRENCE, Mass. S. A. STORY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a bird
That soars very high;
My second's a beam,
Growing under the thigh.

My whole is a flower,
That grows in the Spring;
And people do say
I'm a beautiful thing

GARNER

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There's beauty a power but order for my first;
And my second's of use, from the best to the worst
My whole is a character of renowned and truth,
A companion much loved by age or by youth.

Tremontown, N. Y. J. T. C

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The first and last half of all mankind,
Of all nations, and every land
We meet, and are, and shall forever be
What now we are, in all eternity.
We rule the world—my 1st is divided—
Nine-fifth dispose our every
And yet long since has man decided
That we must every'day
Those who celebrated in William Penn were born
To an answer in Philadelphia now turns it over

LUDOVICO

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A and B are in partnership. A advances the capital. The profits and expenses are equally shared between them; but B serves A 27 days per annum of half the capital. The expenses are, clerk hire $125, store rent $250; fuel $50. They gain in trading the last year 7 per cent. of the capital invested. B's share profits at the end of the year are $700. What is the amount of the capital invested? J. W. S

Mendville, Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the letter U a most uncertain letter? Ans.—Because it is always in doubt.

☞ Why are good resolutions like fleeting ladies? Ans.—They want carrying out.

☞ Why is a chicken that cannot hold up its head like the days following Sunday next? Ans.—Because it hasn't much comb (next week).

☞ Why is sunshine never required? Ans.—Because it is not used (unused).

☞ Supposing a microphonic could speak, what would it utter? Ans.—A loud's tone.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.—Fanny Lightfoot. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Sir Spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave. BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—William Alexander, Earl of Stirling. CHARADE.—Brighton Young. CHARADE.—Brown-case-they. CHARADE.—Watch-chain. PIED BLADE.—6 has 500; 2 has 500; 0 has 500.

The Olio.

A NEW ZEALAND "LADY."—A young gentleman who left Preston, in England, above four years ago, then written home from